

CAGE TOURNEY OPENS TODAY

Early Settlers Tell Of Only Bank Robbery Ever Staged In Comanche

COTTON TRUCK LAW IS HELD INVALID

MAIN STREET LOOKS AT BROADWAY BY OBSERVER

City Garbage

One of the biggest municipal problems here is the removal of the garbage every day. The daily collection would fill a dozen long freight trains and most of it is hauled out to sea in canal boats whose bottoms open and allow the contents to sink to Davy Jones' locker. The lighter refuse floats, however, and spoils a lot of the ocean bathing on nearby beaches. Plans are well under way to erect huge incinerator plants and ocean dumping will cease in a few years.

Another method of disposal has been to fill up waste spaces. One of the most popular, and prettiest, golf courses here has been created out of a mosquito-laden swamp near Flushing. Few of the golfers realize as they tramp over the beautiful course that a few feet below them exists perhaps the most unsightly collection of empty tin cans in the world. The plan could be followed to advantage by golf clubs out on the prairies to create rolling courses.

Souvenir Hounds

New Yorkers, more than the citizens of any other towns it is said, are keen hunters of souvenirs. If they are free, so much the better.

As an indication how people here go in for souvenirs can be mentioned the opening of the new Waldorf-Astoria hotel last fall. The management had three thousand ash trays made with the initials of the hotel stamped on them. These were placed about the new hotel on the opening day, to save floor coverings and tables. The next morning it was discovered that there was not a single ash tray in the place. Every one had been carried off by the guests.

Specialty Shops

This city probably has more specialty shops than any other place on earth. Strolling along Fifth Avenue the other day we passed one shop entirely devoted to selling children's spectacles. Another catered only to the blind; others sell dog and cat luxuries. Lots of them carry only one kind of goods, such as cigarettes, orange juice, nuts, and so on. Of course, there are the usual haberdashers and lingerie dealers that one sees in every town of any size.

One of the larger department stores here caters almost entirely to children, the lines for grown-ups being sold mostly as an accommodation. Then there is the place where only large women are catered to while the men have one chain that sells only pants. They guarantee to duplicate the material in any coat and vest you wear. They do a rushing business.

Religious Tolerance

The other night I attended a banquet and saw a Jewish Rabbi present a medal to the Catholic Archbishop Hanna of San Francisco. After the presentation Rabbi Landman clasped the Archbishop warmly by the hand while several Protestant bishops applauded.

The medal, an annual presentation, was awarded to the high Catholic prelate for his work in promoting a better understanding between Jews and Christians. "The American Hebrew," a periodical, making the award. Last year Newton D. Baker was given the medal. Henry Morgenthau, former Ambassador to Turkey, was toastmaster.

The association is a national one and is devoted to the purpose of "promoting a better understanding among the religions. It was voiced at the banquet that only in this country could such an organization thrive. It did me good to be there that to attend church services, I believe

Takes Charge Of Dublin Creamery

Luther Harper, recently of Desdemona, has been appointed Manager of the Dublin Creamery Station in Comanche and assumed charge of the business Monday.

Mr. Harper was for some time connected with the Southwest Dairy Products Company and more recently with the Dublin Produce Company at other points. Mr. Harper expects to move his family to Comanche within a short time.

Danforth Wilkerson spent Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Marion Wilkerson, while enroute to his new location at Hamilton.

TOTAL LOAD IS ONLY BAR NOW TO TRUCKMEN

WASHINGTON, Jan. 25.—A few brief words today from Chief Justice Hughes and the Texas law binding the cotton bales which move over its roads was definitely broken and discarded.

Opponents of the Texas law claimed it would give the railroads a virtual monopoly on the hauling of compressed cotton.

It provided that not more than 10 bales should be hauled on the highways by automobiles or on trucks unless they were compressed. It also required all shipments of more than 10 square or 20 round bales, if the distance were more than 15 miles, to be hauled in carriers completely enclosing the cotton.

J. H. McLeish and Company, which operated trucks bringing cotton from farms in the surrounding territory to Houston, challenged the law. The trucking concern said the statute aimed to compel the cotton to be compressed at interior points near where it was grown and that this gave the railroads an overwhelming advantage.—Star-Telegram.

Jaye Makes Statement

The ruling of the Supreme Court of the United States holding the so-called cotton truck law void will have the effect of allowing truck operators to haul cotton on the highways provided the total weight of the cotton does not exceed 7,000 pounds, or about thirteen or fourteen bales according to County Attorney F. O. Jaye, who said the provision of the law limiting the tonnage to 7,000 pounds per truck was not affected by the new ruling and was still in effect.

A decision of a Houston court has granted an injunction staying the enforcement of the road limit provision, according to Mr. Jaye, who said that the stay order applied exclusively to the plaintiff and to no other persons operating trucks on Texas highways.

The provision of the law which was held invalid by the Federal Court according to Mr. Jaye was a clause that stated that not more than 10 uncompressed bales of cotton could be carried on one vehicle on the highways and also required the shipment of all cotton of more than 10 square bales, if the distance was more than 15 miles, to be hauled in carriers completely enclosing the cotton.

NO BILL FOR LIGHTFOOT IN WALKER SLAYING

The Erath County grand jury Friday "no-billed" Rex Lightfoot on a charge of fatally shooting Johnny Walker here on the night of December 24.

The "no-bill" verdict was returned after the grand jury had examined thirty or more witnesses.

The shooting was a culmination of a series of encounters which started between the two men at a football game in Comanche on Thanksgiving Day. Only one shot was fired by Lightfoot when Walker got out of an automobile in front of the Dublin Drug & Jewelry Co. The shot struck Walker just over the heart and he died before he could be carried to a nearby doctor's office. Both men were residents of DeLeon.—Dublin Progress.

O. O. Brightman, Misses Hattie and Grace Brightman and Mrs. J. C. Wilkerson visited Mrs. O. O. Brightman at a Temple hospital Sunday.

A Close Race

By Albert T. Reid



WILLIAMS PRES. HIGGINBOTHAM BROS. & CO.

T. J. Williams, First Vice President and General Manager of Higginbotham Bros. & Co., for the past several years, was elevated to the Presidency at a meeting of the stockholders and directors of that firm at their general office in Comanche Thursday, January 21.

Mr. Williams has been with the local store since its establishment in Comanche in 1901 and is recognized as one of the outstanding business men of this section of Texas.

R. Wilson Higginbotham, Jr., who, with his family moved to Comanche from New York City last fall, was made Vice President.

The complete list of officers and directors elected were:

Officers: J. M. Higginbotham, Dallas, Chairman of the Board; T. J. Williams, Comanche, President; R. Wilson Higginbotham Jr., Comanche, Vice President; R. T. Williams, Ballinger, Vice President; Paul Higginbotham, Stephenville, Vice President; C. P. St. Clair, Comanche, Treasurer; D. Charles Clarke, Comanche, Secretary and Assistant Treasurer; A. P. Cox, Comanche, Assistant Secretary.

Directors chosen are: J. M. Higginbotham, Dallas; J. M. Higginbotham, Dallas; O. S. Bogess, Dallas; R. T. Williams, Ballinger; Paul Higginbotham, Stephenville; T. J. Williams, Comanche; R. Wilson Higginbotham, Jr., Comanche; C. P. St. Clair, Comanche; D. Charles Clarke, Comanche; A. P. Cox, Comanche; J. L. Cox, Comanche.

Executive Committee: T. J. Williams, R. W. Higginbotham, Jr., J. M. Higginbotham, and O. S. Bogess.

At the meeting of the directors and also at the stockholders meeting an appropriate resolution was adopted, honoring the memory of R. W. Higginbotham, Sr., who was president of the organization from its beginning until the time of his death, March 26, 1931.

Out of town people who attended the meeting were: J. M.

Is In Race For Congress



JOE H. JONES
Of Eastland

Who announces his candidacy for Congress from the 17th Congressional District.

Mr. Jones was born and reared at Gorman in Eastland County, Jones comes from a pioneer family. He is a nephew of the late Tom A. Jones, deputy sheriff who was shot to death by Marshall Ratliff the Santa Claus Bandit.

Among the noted cases prosecuted by Jones were those of Henry Helms, one of the gunmen of the Cisco holdup, who was electrocuted; Will Fritz who was electrocuted for the murder of D. W. Hamilton; Clyde Thompson, the boy who shot two men to see them kick and who was saved from the electric chair by the governor; E. V. Allen serving a life sentence for the robbery of the Carbon Bank and the Danny Leach case in which the defendant was convicted of the "Gravel Pit Murder."

Higginbotham, J. M. Higginbotham, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. O. S. Bogess, Mrs. Alice Lane, Joseph Higginbotham, John Higginbotham, T. J. Williams, Ballinger, Rufus Higginbotham, all of Dallas; Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Nash, and J. R. St. Clair of Waco; G. P. Herndon, Dublin; Paul Higginbotham, Stephenville; E. L. Williams, Rising Star; George Neel, Cross Plains; R. T. Williams, Ballinger.

SIDNEY EAGLES TO PLAY IN TITLE GAME

Sidney and Brownwood high schools will play Monday night, February 1, at the Daniel Baker Gymnasium for the championship of the Second Annual Daniel Baker Basketball Tournament. Sidney gained the right Saturday to meet Brownwood by defeating Grosvenor 24 to 18 while the Brownwood Lions were turning back the ambitious Lamkin team 27 to 20. Lamkin proved one of the sensations of the tournament, defeating Gustine, last year's champions 21 to 20 to gain the right to enter the semi-finals and in the game with Brownwood, the Lamkin team, after leading most of the way had the score tied at 20 all at the end of the regular playing period, but in the extra five minutes of play, to break the tie, failed to score while the Lions ran up seven points.

The finals were postponed one week, to Monday, February 1, on account of bad weather. Following the Sidney-Brownwood game Monday, Lamkin and Grosvenor will play for the third place in the tourney.

The Comanche County teams made a good showing in competition with twenty-five other teams. The three teams, Sidney, Gustine and Lamkin all won their first games, Lamkin reaching the semi-finals and Sidney the finals.

Other score in the tournament were: Scores for the two days play follows: Gustine 29, Center City 17; Brownwood 34, Santa Anna 14; Zenbyr 20, Rising Star 19; Sidney 27, Williams 13; Gustine 21, Lamkin 22; and Brownwood 31, Zenbyr 11.

Other results: Early 44, Woodland Heights 16; Williams 26, Mullin 20; Milburn 26, Proctor 18; Zenbyr 37, Blanket 27; Grosvenor 16, May 8; Indian Creek 23, Cross Cut 19; Gustine 21, Post Oak Grove 19; Goldthwaite 23, Cherokee 23; Sidney 26, Richardson Springs 16; Center City 14, Locker 9; San Saba 10, Rockwood, Brownwood 25, Coleman 12; Santa Anna 34, Bangs 23; Rising Star 25, Silver Valley 17; Grosvenor 23, Indian Creek 19.

ROBBER'S HAD FAST HORSES TO ESCAPE

Only one bank robbery has occurred in Comanche since the town was established in the late fifties, according to old timers who state that, as far as they know, no other robbery with fire arms ever took place on the public square.

Among those who are still living in Comanche and were in the town when the hold-up occurred fifty six years ago, are: Mrs. Minta Holmsley, Mrs. Aaron Little, Ex-Sheriff Jim Cunningham, Bailey Nabers, Bob Carnes, Mrs. Georgia Walcott, and J. D. Bonner, all of whom furnished some information about the robbery, of which very few, if any accounts have been written, since the story was carried in the Chief the week the robbery happened.

Intense excitement prevailed in Comanche, then a village of less than a thousand people, when the merchants went to their places of business early one January morning of 1876 and learned that the town's bank had been robbed of close to \$5000.00 about sun-up that morning and the two bandits who staged the hold-up had made their escape on horseback, going south out of Comanche.

The Bank, known as the H. R. Martin and Company Bank was located in a little two story stone building on the east side of the square on the lot between the buildings which are now occupied by the Midget Cafe and Tot's Barber Shop.

Charles B. Mason, Cashier, and Karl Edward Hoy, employee, had just entered the bank about sun-up, and were getting out some money from the safe, which had just come in from San Antonio, when two bandits, with handkerchiefs over their faces, appeared with guns in each hand and ordered the bank officials to "Stick them up."

While one of the bandits held his gun on Mason and Hoy, the other locked the front door, to prevent any entry from the outside and then started towards the vault when he noticed, standing in the corner, some twenty five or thirty "Needle Guns" which had been sent to Comanche by the government a few days before to be distributed to the citizens to protect them from the Indians. Hoy and Mason were forced to keep their hands in the air until the bandit slowly unloaded all the guns and placed the long bullets in his sack and then leisurely walked over to Hoy and ordered him to pour the money into the bag, which was done, leaving the bank only a small amount of change. Mason and Hoy were then forced to leave the building by the rear door with the bandits, where they had two fine looking fast horses tied. Sticking their guns against the heads of the bank employees, the holdup men ordered them to keep quiet until the got out of town, and leaping upon their horses, left in a dead run, heading South.

Hoy, it is said, rushed into the building and into the vault where he had his pistol concealed and ran out the back door, again, crying after the bandits that he dared them to come back, but they were out of hearing by this time. A posse of citizens lead by Sheriff Frank Wilson and Banker Henry Martin started in pursuit but soon lost the trail.

A few days later the trail was picked up, farmers reporting that the robbers were heading towards San Saba. Sheriff Wilson and Mr. Martin continued the search after others had given up the trail and finally reached the farm six miles southwest of San Saba where Mr. and Mrs. Jim Cunningham were then living. Wilson's horse, by this time had given out and he borrowed a fresh one from Mr. Cunningham and continued the search toward Llano where an arrest

SIXTEEN TEAMS IN CO. MEET AT DE LEON

Sixteen cage teams will enter the boys basket ball tournament at DeLeon today when the round robin begins at nine o'clock for the County Championship. The order of play was decided by a drawing in the County Superintendent's office Saturday, the games in order are as follows: First game: Comanche vs Gustine; Second Game: Beattie vs Sipe Springs; Third Game: Hasse vs Duster; Fourth Game: Energy vs Comyn; Fifth Game: DeLeon vs Sidney; Sixth Game: Proctor vs Pettit; Seventh Game: Lamkin vs Newburg; Eighth Game: Robinson Springs vs Oliver Springs.

Fifteen games will be played to decide the championship and it is thought that most of the first day will be consumed in the preliminaries, with possibly the second round starting late in the afternoon and the semi-finals and finals coming on Saturday.

Teacher Added To High School Faculty

Mrs. Joe Grimland, wife of the Principal of the Proctor High School, was added to the faculty of the Comanche High School last week when she was elected teacher of typewriting.

Mrs. Grimland assumed her new duties Monday. Mrs. Grimland is a graduate of Howard Payne College and while a student there was secretary to President Thomas J. Taylor.

Miss Shirley Gage has returned home from Brownwood where she underwent an operation for appendicitis at a hospital there.

was made. Messrs. Wilson and Martin returning with a man by the name of Redding.

While spending the night in San Saba, however, Redding suddenly jumped from a cot where he was sleeping in a residence with the officers and rushed out of the door before the officers could catch him and soon was lost in the dark.

Redding was later re-captured, it is said, near the coast, with his partner in crime and part of the money recovered. The two, it is told, were placed in San Antonio and brought to trial in that city which claimed jurisdiction in the case on the ground that the money partly belonged to a San Antonio firm. The trial, however resulted in a hung jury, and it is said the men were never brought to trial again.

Ritz Theatre

FRIDAY and SATURDAY
January 29-30
TOM KEENE, IN
"Freighters Of
Destiny"
CHIC SALE COMEDY

OH BOY!—LOOK
WHO'S COMING
FOUR DAYS COMMENCING
MONDAY, FEB. 1st
A GUARANTEED
STOCK COMPANY
Toby's Comedians

A Stage Attraction
Extraordinary
ALL NEW PLAYS
HIGH CLASS VAUDEVILLE
BETWEEN ACTS

COMING!!
SUN.-MON.-TUES.
FEB. 7-9
JOHN GILBERT and
RENEE ADGORE, IN
"The Big Parade"

TRIGGER EYE

by B. M. Bower



Seventh Installment

Bob Reeves, the Kid, was nicknamed Tiger Eye by his friends down in the Brazos country because his "gun-eye" was yellow. When his father, "Killer Reeves," died the Kid left Texas to avoid continuing his father's feud. Reaching Montana he is forced to draw on Nate Wheeler, an imported Texas killer, who warns him the nesters will kill him. The Kid warns Garner the nesters are planning an attack on the Poole outfit. He meets Jess Markel, a Texas who is boss of the Poole wagon crew.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY—

The kid's face was bleak and old when he turned from the bed and Nellie's mother kneeling beside it, her arms thrown out and clutching her dead with the tenseness of despair. Nellie was holding herself calm in spite of her horror. The kid saw her in the kitchen, dipping water into the wash-basin on the bench beside the back door. But as he went out to wash her father's life blood from his hands, he remembered her words and halted, looking at her strangely.

"What call have you got to think I done it?" he demanded. "He was shot in the back, from somewhere up awn the hill. I was awn the road coming along by the old stack. You'll can go look at the hawse tracks and see foh yose!"

"I don't have to. I know what made me say that. Mr.—I know you didn't do it."

"Reeves," said the kid, flushing a little. "Bob Reeves is my name. Miss—"

"Murray," said the girl, and put up a hand to smooth her hair. "What shall we do?" She bit her lips, fighting back tears, and the color crept into her cheeks as she met the kid's grave look.

"Till stay, heah, Miss Murray, while you'll foh him. I'd go myself, but I couldn't do no good. Some nestah would try and shoot me foh a Poole ridah, I reckon. If theah's a hawse you'll can ride—"

"I could ride Prince, but he's up in the pasture, and his awful mean to catch."

"I reckon I can get 'im. My fawse is plumb foolish ovah any ridah but me, or I'd let you'll take him."

"No, you'll have to be ready to go before any one gets here. Prince is the sorrel with one white eye. Oh, hurry!"

He rode into the pasture and roped the sorrel with the white eye, found a sidesaddle and put it on with meticulous care.

The girl looked at him, toward the cabin where her mother was weeping in great, heavy, heartbreaking sobs.

"I'm—we're much obliged, Mr. Reeves. You—yuh always come when I—when we need help. Promise you won't stay till they come back with me."

"I promise to go—but I can't promise I won't come back."

He watched her ride off at a gallop, her gingham shirt whipping out beside the sorrel's flanks, her yellow braid swinging in the breeze.

His glance fell then to the trampled dirt under his feet, and the bleak look returned to his face. He turned and scanned the ridge. Its side was mostly brushy and with a stunted tree growing here and there, but at the top there was a rough outcropping of brown sandstone with rock slabs tilted this way and that.

The kid was sure the killer had waited behind those rocks; just as sure as if he had seen him there. But he didn't go up right then to prove it. He went into the house instead and stood with his hat in his hand, looking down at the dead man and at the woman huddled on the floor beside the bed.

The kid stood looking down at her for a minute.

He took the two tin water buckets and followed a path from the back door to a spring, and brought back fresh water. She looked at him then; looked at him long before she took the glass and drank.

"You're a good boy," she said. "Where's Nellie?" She stared around her.

The kid told her. She did not seem to listen, but returned to her weeping. The kid wished she wouldn't cry like that; she sounded so much like his mother when Pap lay on the bed under a sheet. Killers oughta be made to sit and listen to the wailings of the men they shoot in the back.

The kid turned on the doorstep and leaned his head in at the doorway.

"Good-by, Ma'am," he called softly. "Reckon I'll have to go now."

"Good-by," she answered brokenly. "Look out them Poole killers don't get you!"

"Shoah will," said the kid. Promised Nellie he'd go. Somehow it made a bond between them which the kid would never break. He was going because Nellie made him promise. And he was going to hunt down the killer, because it was Nellie's old pappy he had shot.

Insolence leered up at the kid from every boot mark behind the tilted slabs of rock. The killer had not even tried to scuff out his tracks with a sideways drag of the foot.

The kid's eyes went seeking here and there. Killer as careless as this—and as sure of Poole protection—pears like he might leave some sign more than boot tracks.

Been smoking up here too.



"You always come when I—we—need help," the girl told him.

The kid's thoughts halted as abruptly as his body. Even his heart stopped dead still in his chest; or at least it felt as if it had. The blood froze in his veins so that his face had a pinched, old look. He bent stiffly with a slow reluctance, utterly unlike himself, and picked up something here, over here another something, and he stood up, looking at them in the palm of his hand.

Two pieces of broken match! Two pieces fitting together—match snapped in the fingers and dropped. Babe! Babe, a Poole killer!

Bushwhacking nesters from behind rocks; that's what he was doing.

Playing the kid for a sucker. Lay on the bunk, pretending he was reading storybooks all evening—hell! Lay there planning how he'd go out next morning and dry-gulch some poah devil of a nester, that's what! Babe!

Pecos had to use his horse sense and take the full responsibility of getting back up on Big Bench, for the kid just climbed into the saddle—his foot tumbling like a drunken man's for the stirrup—and rode unseeing away from that hellish spot, where he had seen the fair face of friendship blacken and shrink to a grinning death's-head before him.

He ought to have known, that first day. He ought to have seen that Babe Garner had fired that rifle shot not to save the kid's life, but because he wanted to make certain Nate Wheeler was dead.

Up on the Bench there the other day, riding over to talk to Jess Markel. Babe lied and the kid knew he lied—and then had to go and swallow what Babe told him about that talk. Babe more'n likely told Jess all about Tiger Eye Reeves, and helped Jess fool how he could get him. Damn! Too late! Babe lie him blind. A cold-blooded killer like that!

Kill the kid some of these days, more'n likely.

He remembered the look on Babe's face as he stood outside the Poole nest house, watching Jess Markel go by with his bandaged hands.

Babe had lighted a cigarette. He snapped the match in two—like these pieces, here in the kid's palm—and looked at the kid and said he'd rather be dead than crippled like that.

The kid's clenched hand rested on the saddle horn and his head was bowed, his cleft chin resting on the soft folds of his silk neckerchief. His eyes were staring. He saw Babe, in a new and terrible guise.

He was seeing Babe standing by the kitchen table, looking down at his shattered knuckles, and he was hearing Babe say, "Put a bullet through my damn' brain, Tiger Eye! I'd rather be dead than like this." He was seeing a bullet hole turn bluish in Babe's forehead!

The kid started and looked around like one suddenly awakened from a nightmare. He was on the last slope of the ridge running up to the tiny walled-in basin where Babe's cabin stood snugly sheltered against a split peak.

He gave himself a little shake, snapped back to clear and pitiless thinking. He lifted his head, pursed his stiffened lips and whistled the signal of all Poole riders. Babe pulled open the door and stood there grinning as the kid rode up. The kid grinned back at Babe, but his eyes gave away his warning. His blue left eye was squinting and the amber right eye was opened full and had the baleful stare of a tiger stalking his kill.

"Well, yuh made it ahead of the

storm," Babe called cheerfully, as the kid swung down at the door. "Fraid yuh might get caught out, Tiger Eye. Goin' to be a rip-snorter, when it gets here."

The kid turned and looked where a greenish-black cloud mass came coiling up from the southwest.

He brushed past him and went inside, turning to face Babe.

"What's the matter, Tiger Eye? Anything happen?"

"Yes, suh. Right smaht happened, Babe. A nestah got killed."

Babe's cold gray eyes scrutinized the kid. He closed the door against a puff of wind, leaned his back against it, his thumbs hooked inside his cartridge belt. The kid's vivid picture of

him revised itself in certain details with pitiless accuracy. Babe would not fall between the stove and table. He would topple over toward the bunk, more'n likely.

"Who was it, d'yuh know? Or maybe yuh ain't tellin'."

"Old Pappy Murray, shot in the back."

"Hunh! Well—" Babe hesitated—"he's a nester and a cow thief. He had it comin', Tiger Eye."

"He nevah had it comin' in front of his own doah. The killah cashed himself behind a ledge up awn the hill. Let his boot tracks theah—and a rifle shell."

"Yeah? Well—"

"Left another sign, Babe."

"Yeah? What sign's that?"

"Left this, Babe!" He opened his palm.

Babe looked, lifted his glance to the bleak face of the kid, and to that tiger stare of the yellow right eye. Babe's teeth caught at his underlip. His fingers quivered—but they did not go for his gun. They did not dare.

Interruption came. The shrill, whistled signal all Poole riders knew. Babe's eyes searched the kid's face. He turned his back, pulled open the door, answered the call.

"Supper ready, Babe?" The Poole foreman owned that voice.

Nothing would happen while he was there. Flag of truce.

Cards lay as they fell till the foreman left again. Meant to go, all right. Didn't unsaddle his horse—meant to ride on to the Poole soon as he had his supper and the storm was over. Straight, honest man, name of Joe Hale.

The foreman talked while he ate largely of the supper Babe had cooked. Babe talked too, but not very much. Knew he'd have to face it, soon as Joe Hale was gone. Sheah storming. So dark inside the kid got up and lighted the lamp.

The foreman emptied his third cup of coffee, wiped his mustache with his handkerchief, hitched the box seat two inches back, and drew his tobacco and papers from his pocket. Soon as he had his smoke going, he would get up and leave.

The foreman reached thumb and finger into the watch pocket of his vest, groped there, taking his time.

He finally drew a match from his pocket, looked at it, used it with little stabbing motions in the air to point his meaning while he talked to Babe.

Gosh, did he always talk that-a-way? It seemed to the kid that half an hour passed before the cigarette was finally lighted. The foreman absently blew out the match, snapped it in two, dropped the pieces on the floor and got up, reaching for his hat.

Babe lifted his head and looked full at the kid. He saw the kid's lips loosen, saw them quiver as the kid's eyes met his with shamed understanding.

The kid sat down on the bunk, his arms resting on his knees and his face bent to the floor. Babe! He would have shot Babe just on the strength of a broken match! If the foreman hadn't come right when he did, he'd have killed Babe Garner—the best friend he ever had in his life.

Babe! Clearing the table, scraping the plates just as if nothing had happened. Stopping now to make himself a cigarette while the kid watched him from under his long eye-lashes.

The following announcement is taken from the "Comanche Chief" in its issue of January 15: "A flat rate of 10 per cent reduction on the value of the real estate for tax assessment will be made by the County Tax Assessor and his force this year it was decided at a meeting of the Commissioners' Court Monday. The reduction will apply on both city and farm property ac-

COUNTY SUPERINTENDENT ISSUES STATEMENT TO SCHOOL TRUSTEES

County Superintendent Romee S. Walker has issued the following statements to the various school trustees of the county: January 20, 1932.

To the Trustees of the County: Your attention is called to the following provision of House Bill No. 258 enacted by the last Legislature affecting taxation of school property: "Schools desiring the right of exemption of their properties shall first prepare and file with the Tax Assessor of the County in which the property is situated, a complete and itemized statement of all of said property, any and every kind whatsoever, which is claimed to be exempt from taxation, and all property not so listed shall be assessed and it shall be the duty of the Tax Assessor to make levy on the same, and for the Tax Collector to collect the said taxes. Said itemized list of exemptions when made by said schools shall be sworn to by some officer of the said schools familiar with the facts, and when the same has been filed with the Tax Assessor same shall be by him filed in his office, subject to inspection at any time by any person desiring to see the same." Blanks for the use in making application for exemption of your school property under provisions of the above law will be mailed to you in a few days.

In his New Year's Message to Officials and Employees in the Public Schools the State Superintendent had this to say:

"At the beginning of the new year I wish to extend greetings to all connected in any way with the great cause of public education and to encourage you to maintain in the highest degree possible the efficient work which is being accomplished throughout the state. During the last quarter of a century there has not been a condition which affected the morale of the schools comparable to that of this year. I wish to congratulate the board of trustees and teachers for the fine spirit of cooperation manifested and to encourage them to 'carry on' for the remainder of the school year."

"On my recommendation, the State Board of Education adopted practically the same salary schedule for State Aid schools as was in effect during the previous year. The faith of the State is back of all of these pledges and every dollar of the amount appropriated for per capita, rural aid, and high school tuition for the year 1931-1932 will be paid. The success of carrying out your financial program, therefore, depends entirely upon local management and ability to collect local taxes coupled with the loyal cooperation of the supervising officers and teachers. Owing to the unsettled financial condition which has prevailed, many depository banks have been unable to extend the usual credit to school districts. Perhaps in one sense this has been a blessing in disguise. Many school districts began the fiscal year with an overdraft and found their credit exhausted."

"You are now approaching the time of year when new contracts are to be made for 1932-1933. In this time of depression board of trustees as well as individuals should 'tighten the belt' and resolve to live within their income. The maintenance of the per capita at \$17.50 for the ensuing year will depend upon the new census, the total taxable values, the income from the gross production tax, which should increase, and the maintenance of the cigarette tax. It is too early to forecast the per capita for 1932-1933. I desire to express appreciation for the generous cooperation of the majority of school districts, through local interest, have extended more credit to school districts than was consistent with good banking."

"A word to the superintendents and teachers: There has never been a greater challenge to your loyalty and your real interest in the great work in which you are engaged. School boards are uniformly sympathetic with employees who by their efficient service under unfavorable conditions show a willingness to aid in the solution of their problems. Let us have the best of attendance this year ever known in order to reduce waste and increase efficiency. Let us convince the taxpayers that they are receiving more than they should expect for the money expended and in fact let us take heart and resolve that for the remainder of 1931-1932 and for the year 1932-1933 the great army of teachers will rally to the relief of the schools in order that the children of the State may receive the heritage to which they are so justly entitled."

I shall appreciate the reading of this letter at the next meeting of the school board.

Very sincerely yours, R. S. Walker, Co. Supt.

Miss Florence Wilson attended the funeral of her aunt, Mrs. Florence Willeland at Cameron last week.

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PRIDDY

Limmer-Kohler

Paul Limmer and Miss Helen Kohler were married Sunday January the 24th, by Rev. Mauseur, at the Priddy Zion's Lutheran Church at 6:00 p. m.

Following the ceremony, the brothers and sister of the bride and groom and a few friends attended the supper given at the home of the bride's father, J. M. Kohler.

Mr. and Mrs. Limmer both are of the Priddy community and will make their home on the farm of W. W. Limmer of Priddy.

Mrs. Louise Schumann visited in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Schumann Saturday.

Mrs. C. F. Jesse, Mrs. Fritz Tiemann and Mrs. Herman Kopp attended a quilting at the home of Mrs. Henke last Friday.

A number of people attended the birthday party, honoring Mike Schlee, Saturday night.

Singing was held at the Priddy school house Sunday night.

Miss Ella Schumann who is employed at San Angelo is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Otto Schumann.

Dr. J. O. Lane, County Health Officer and S. S. Payne, City Water Commissioner, attended a convention of operators and employees of City Water Systems in Mineral Wells last week.

COMANCHE CIRCUIT

Next Sunday being the Fifth Sunday, we are not obligated to any one church. Desiring to be helpful, as much so as possible, we have arranged the following for Sidney, Harmony and Indian Creek Churches: Our District Lay Leader, Hal H. Cherry will speak Sunday at 11 a. m. at the Sidney Methodist Church. At 3 p. m. he will speak at Harmony and at 7 p. m. he will speak to our people at Indian Creek.

Brother Cherry is a pleasing speaker, thoroughly consecrated and well informed in his line of work.

The public is invited and all members of the above churches are urged to hear him.

E. M. Daily, P. C.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to thank our many friends for their kindness during our recent sorrow. We especially wish to thank Drs. Gray and Clemons for their assistance and Judge House for his words of sympathy and comfort.

To all those who rendered assistance in anyway we want you to know that we deeply appreciate your thoughtfulness. Your kindness and sympathy makes us better able to bear our sorrow and we pray God's blessings upon each of you.—The children of J. R. McNutt.



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D. and C. HATCHERY

James Boyd left Sunday for his home at Gatesville after spending a week at Comanche as Western Union relief operator during the illness of Miss Bounce Walker.

TIGER EYE

A SERIAL STORY

—By—

B. M. Bower

(Continued from Page 2)



"That fellow that shot old Murray down in the valley; yuh say he left broken match stubs where he waited, Tiger Eye? Can't go much by that. Lots of fellows in a grass country break their match stubs in two before they throw 'em away. Less danger of fire."

With his big gray hat far back on his head and his high-heeled boots hooked over the edge of the neatly brushed stove hearth.

"Y'all plumb shoah ole Pappy Murray was a cow thief, Babe?"

"Shore he was! Why, hell, I told yuh a thousand times, Tiger Eye, there ain't an honest man in the hull valley. Not a one. Say, how'd you come to know he was shot, if you was off over on the river side of the Bench where I sent yuh?"

"Nevah did ride awn to the river, Babe. Got right curious about something in the valley, so I taken a jog down off the Bench to see foh m'self."

"Poole riders'll be shot on sight down there. I told yuh that, Tiger Eye. You was takin' too big a chance." "No bigchance chance than some otha Poole riders taken, going down to kill ole Pappy Murray."

"How'd yuh know it was a Poole rider? You didn't see 'im, did yuh?" "No, s'uh, I nevah did see him."

"How'd you know it was a Poole rider, then?" Babe flung down his book and sat up, eyeing the kid sharply while he pulled tobacco and papers from his pocket.

"Nesters ain't above dry-gulchin' each other if they've got a grudge, and layin' 'it to the Poole." "Nestah wouldn't hit out foh the Bench atfah he done his killing."

"Which way'd he go when he hit the rim?" "Kain't say, Babe. Plumb rocky along the rim."

Babe studied the kid for another ten seconds and gave a grunt that seemed to release a tension within his mind.

"You come into camp here, actin' like you thought I done it," he stated calmly, lighting a match with his thumb-nail and deliberately breaking the stub in two while the kid watched him with an unblinking steadiness in the stare of his yellow right eye.

"Nevah said I thought it, Babe." "You looked it, when yuh come to camp."

"Kain't tell a thing by my looks, Babe. This yallah eye of mine is plumb deceiving, sometimes."

"What gets me, Tiger Eye, is how you come to take it to heart the way you do. Ain't a bigger cow thief in the country than old Murray. He was bound to get his, sooner or later."

"Ness he was a p'cticular friend of yuh—"

"Nevah was no friend of mine, Babe."

"Well—they say he's got a good-lookin' girl. You seen her?"

"Wasn't no girl there, Babe, when I rode along to the house. Heard a woman screaming and a-crying like my mammy cried when Papp was bush-whacked. Killahs don't think of the women, 'pears like."

"And as far as the women are concerned—" Babe rose from the bunk, hitching his trousers' belt as he sauntered to the water bucket and

with a jangle of tin, take their chance same there's always women men. There always a there's a man to yuh goin' to do about can't set and roll his life, just so his woman use for tears. They bawl 'git over it."

"I'm right. You've been p and steady, far as I've never expected you'd git over a nester all at

"If every killah was fixed so he couldn't shoot a gun, theah wouldn't be no moah killing, Babe."

"I'd rather be dead than have my hands smashed the way you smashed Jess Markel's. So would any man that was a man."

"I said killahs, Babe."

Babe shivered as if a cold wind had struck his bare flesh, but he didn't say again that he would rather be dead than crippled. The kid knew he thought it, though. The kid's eyebrows came together in a puzzled frown while he studied Babe at the window, peering out into the faint moonlight.

The kid had counted on Babe's friendship and on his being square so a fellow could trust him. But if Babe

Babe, he muttered, in a tone that would not carry beyond the woodpile. Babe did not answer except with another groan, but he pressed one hand hard on the ground and pushed backward when the kid pulled again, so the kid knew Babe heard and understood all right. The kid hurried after that.

He wanted his body all inside the door as soon as possible, and with a last wriggle his tousled damp hair went in past the door jamb. Like a cat he was on his feet then and had Babe inside with one great yank and slammed the door shut.

Then he turned, picked Babe up in his arms and laid him on the bed.

"Damn, coyotes got me when I stepped outside," Babe gasped.



A rifle barked. The kid let go the basin and dropped to his knees.

had waited like a coyote among the rocks and had shot Nellie's old pappy in the back, he was just a mean, low-down killer and nobody could trust him. A man like that would shoot his best friend in the back if he took a notion.

The kid would have to be mighty certain it was Babe, though, before he would believe it. He'd want stronger proof than that broken match had been. It made him shiver to think how close he had come to choking Babe just on the strength of a broken match. Now, he didn't believe it—but he couldn't put it out of his mind, either, and the vague distrust hurt like physical pain.

"Yuh don't want to let old lady Murray's cryin' worry yuh, Tiger Eye," Babe said abruptly, when they were pulling off their boots. "Best not to waste sympathy on a nester. They don't deserve no sympathy; man or woman, they're all tarred with the same stick. You're goin' to be valuable to the Poole, once you git over that sympathy of yours for nester women. You got to cut that out or yuh won't never git nowhere."

The kid did not answer that, and presently Babe's breath fell into the slow rhythm of sleep.

The kid's mind jarred back from deep dreaming and he opened one eye to see a yellow streak of sunlight on the cabin wall, high in a far corner behind the stove. By that he knew he had slept late. Usually they were ready to ride out along the rim when the sun showed above the mountains.

Babe's side of the bed was empty, but there was no breakfast smell in the cabin and no crackling of fire in the stove. Gone to look after the horses, probably. Babe must have slept late, himself. Must have been Babe shutting the door that woke him.

The kid swung his feet to the floor and reached for his clothes. Babe would expect breakfast to be ready when he came back.

The kid started a fire in the stove, set a kettle of water over the blaze, and washed his face and neck and ears in the tin basin on the bench. He shoved another stick of wood into the stove, picked up the basin and pulled the door open, to fling the water over upon the ground.

The basin jerked spitefully in his hand, a round hole cut through its upper side where the water spurted through. From a clump of bushes over by the corral the bark of a rifle tardily followed the bullet. The kid let go the basin and dropped to his face and lay there with his arms stretched out in front of him.

The kid's fingers stretched slowly to their slender length, relaxed a little, stretched again, moved this way and that, until they encountered something which they clasped so firmly the knuckles turned white. Babe's foot, Babe, lying there on his face, within a few feet of the door, shot down while the kid lay dreaming. It wasn't the shutting of the door—it was the rifle shot that woke the kid. Babe, shot in front of his door, just as Nellie's old pappy had been shot. Even at that moment, while the kid was taking a firmer grip of that limp foot, he wondered if Babe was only getting back what he gave old Murray.

The kid squirmed backward, dragging Babe by his foot. Slow. Back an inch or two, and wait a minute. Babe groaned at the third pull, and the kid's heart gave a flop and then raced for joy. Babe was alive yet. Something to pull for, now.

"I'm draggin' y'all inside the doah,

"That's what a killah always aims to do," the kid observed drily. "Alway aims to dew a man at his own doah."

Whether Babe caught the significance of that remark or not, he made no answer to it.

The kettle was boiling on the stove and the kid brought basin and clean dish towels and a bottle of carbolic acid and set them on a box beside the bunk. He pulled off Babe's shirt and studied the round, purplish hole on Babe's right side just under the curve of his ribs.

"Babe, fah, which leg the kid tree and anted up in the doah to see y."

"I taken out the bullet, Babe," he said calmly, when Babe came back to consciousness. "Wasn't moah'n two—three inches deep. Kain't figure it, less'n it come from ova across the field. Nevah did come from the berry bushes, or it's gone awn through. Two men out theah, I reckon."

"Two yuh say?"

"Two and likel moah."

"And me downed. They'll git us, Tiger Eye."

"It, a pig's eye."

"Git my rifle and—help me on my feet."

"Y'all lay quiet. I taken charge today, Babe." The kid was loading Babe's rifle, and now he placed it on the table.

He turned his rifle upon the clump of bushes over by the corral. Three shots carefully spaced brought a spiteful volley in reply.

"Peah! like the nestahs are aiming to take their revenge foh ole Pappy Murray," he remarked, as a steady stream of bullets came spitting viciously into the cabin. It worried Babe, who was beginning to talk feverishly.

"Shoot to kill when yuh start in," Babe urged. "Ain't goin' to try bustin' knuckles now, I hope."

"Kain't see any knuckles to bust, Babe."

The kid's face clouded as he pushed his rifle barrel through the hole between two logs, but his yellow right eye was as unblinking as a tiger's when it looked down along the sights. He caught a glimpse of gray hat crown among the bushes beyond the spring. He didn't want to kill. Hat crown, head, shoulders below—The kid couldn't see the man he swiftly visioned, but he aimed where a shoulder should be and pulled the trigger. There was a sudden and violent agitation of the bushes and a man went streaking it back toward his more discreet companions.

The kid's fingers bent again deliberately and the man's swinging right arm jerked upward and went limp at his side. The kid made sure of that before he withdrew the rifle from the hole and crossed the room to another.

"Git anybody?"

The kid did not answer at once.

"Taken the shoot outa one, Babe," he said at last.

"J kill 'im?"

"Reckon not. Shot his ahm down, peahs like."

"Shoot 't kill, why don't yuh?" Babe's voice was high and querulous. When he turned a strained look upon the kid, his eyes were glassy and had an anxious stare wholly unlike Babe Garner. "Damn their arms and shoulders! You can kill if you want to—anybody that can whirl and bust knuckles the way you busted Jess Markel's can put a bullet through a man's heart, if he wants to."

GUSTINE

Mrs. Virginia Patterson and little son, Gayland of Hale Center spent last week end with her parents, Rev. and Mrs. Preston Broxton of Gustine.

HASSE P. T. A. TO MEET TONIGHT

The Hasse Parent Teachers Association will meet at the school building Friday evening, January 28, at 7:15 p. m., according to Howard Moore, Superintendent, who said that a mixed program would be given.

The Hasse 4-H Club will also have a meeting at the school building at the same hour Mr. Moore said when the annual election of officers would be held.

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"Reckon I could, Babe."

"Well, damn it, do it, then! When yuh draw a bead on a nester, git 'im right. There ain't no come-back from a dead man. You got 'em out there before yuh, Tiger Eye; any jury in the world would make it self-defense. Yuh don't have to worry a damned bit. Now's your chance—git 'em, kid! Damn it, don't yuh know there's a bounty on nesters? You can collect five hundred apiece for 'em, and no questions asked!"

"That the price on ole Pappy Murray, Babe?"

"Hell, it's the price on any damn nester! Didn't the Old Man tell yuh so?"

"Nevah did tell me that, Babe. Mistah Bell taken my name and wheah I'm from and all, and asked right smart questions. Nevah did tell me anything, 'ceptin' I was to get my o'dahs from y'all."

"Damn right, you git your orders from me! I order yuh right now to lay 'em cold! Kill every damn nester you can draw a bead on, out there! Save 'em after 'em in the valley. Hell, they're out to kill you, ain't they? You and me both! Git 'em, or they'll git you. Git the damned—"

Babe trailed off into a meaningless mumble.

The kid sighed and gazed at the dried mud and tried to think of something else.

"Why, dammit, you come here with the dead list in your pocket!" Babe cried suddenly anew upon his grievance.

"I knowed you was lyin' when you said you found that map where the yuh had blowed it into a bush. You was headin' straight for the nesters with that dead list, and you knowed what you had to do."

"You made a slip-up with me when you said you was goin' to Wheeler's place because Nate Wheeler come first on the map. I like yuh, kid, and I've let yuh make out like yuh're a nice little lad that wouldn't kill a m'skeeter. I ain't never asked no questions, but I ain't a damn fool. You had the dead list and that was all I needed to know. A man ain't expected to go around shootin' off his mouth about what he's doin'. Nobody wants yuh to advertise yoursself."

"But, damn it, you've crippled one of the best shots the Poole has got, and you've been runnin' on me about becin' old Murray, and yuh claim you won't kill a nester yourself for love or money. Look pretty damn scaley to me, kid—damned if it don't. Looks like they've got you workin' for 'em. Damn! spy, for all I know!"

Once more the kid tried not to listen. In one ear and out the other—that was the only way to do with fever talk. Plumb foolish. Babe was shoah a sick man, all right.

He took up Babe's rifle and sent a shot over to where the little blue smoke clouds betrayed the position of the nesters. It wasn't much of a shot; whether he wanted to hit a man or not, it was unsatisfactory shooting.

"How's that water holdin' out?"

That meant Babe wanted another drink. The kid filled the tin dipper, handing Babe would not notice how he had to scrape the bottom of the bucket to do so. He hadn't thought of the water problem, but it loomed rather large now. Couldn't get to the spring while the daylight held, and Babe's thirst was growing. If the nesters stayed where they were, they had him trapped.

About noon, now. Seven hours and more till dark.

"Think you can git out through the roof?" Babe tried to prop himself on one elbow and watch, but the pain turned him dizzy and sick, and he lay panting and cursing his helplessness.

"Shoah going to try," said the kid grimly.

"They'll shoot yuh like a rabbit!"

The kid shook his head and stepped up on the foot of the bunk where he could bring his full strength into action, prying and pushing at the discovered poles of the roof.

Had the ridge beyond the little flat been higher, the nesters over there would have seen him when, at last, with a final avalanche of clouds and

dust on the bunk, his head poked through into the sunlight. But the cabin stood on a little ridge of its own and only from the bluff opposite could one look upon the farther slope of the roof.

"Mebby when they bust in to-night you can drop down outside and make a run for it—but I can't. It's all day with me, anyhow. God, I'm dry! Gimme a drink before yuh go, will yuh, Tiger Eye?" Babe muttered.

"Shoah will, Babe. I'll get a bucket of watah directly."

"You stay inside. They'll fill yuh with lead, Kid."

"Nevah will see me, Babe. Gully back of the cabin goes to the spring and beyond."



"Ah — — excuse me, Miss Murray," he said, bashfully.

He poured all the water into one bucket and set it on a box close to the bunk where Babe could reach the dipper if he had to.

He kindled a small fire in the stove, and let the smoke advertise a live man's presence. An old trick, but so natural a one that so far as he knew it always worked.

Shots from the ridge answered that challenge. The kid waited until the firing ceased, then took his bucket and crawled out through the roof, dropping noiselessly to the ground and sliding at once into the brushy little gully that separated the cabin from the bluff behind it.

He did not feel that he was taking any risk, but all his life he had been drilled in caution, so he went sneaking along, keeping close under the bank and stopping every few feet to listen and peer ahead. He could not see any one, and it was so quiet that he could hear a lone mosquito humming over his head. Yet he felt a human presence near him. He stood still and waited two minutes, and his quick eyes caught a quiver in a drooping branch. Some one was hiding in the bushes just above the spring, lying close under cover and watching the cabin and the open flat beyond.

"Y'all bettah crawl back outa that brush." The kid spoke with an ominous kind of calm. "Come damn! careful, lessen yuh hungry foh lead."

Immediately the bushes shook as if swept by a sudden gale. A pair of legs with blue overalls tucked into worn riding boots came squirming backward into view. The kid reached out and grabbed one and gave it a vicious yank, and the form it belonged to came sliding down and landed pretty much in a heap at the edge of the pool. The kid stepped back, his gun sagging at his side and his other hand going up mechanically to claw at his hat.

"Ah—excuse me, Miss Murray," he blurted, crimson to his collar.

Nellie Murray, in her father's clothes, and with her father's gray Stetson tilted over one eye at a most rakish angle, stared up at him with astonished blue eyes.

"Ah—good evenin'," the kid stammered again. "I hope y'all will excuse me."

"I never even heard yuh!" gasped Nellie. "I thought you were in the cabin. Wasn't it you shootin'?"

"Yes'n, I reckon it was." The kid was trying not to look at her. Shoah did look cute, though. He dared one swift glance from under his hat brim and looked away, guilty but entranced.

But Nellie Murray was not thinking of her appearance.

"I had to come and warn you if I could. I know you didn't shoot my father, but they'd kill you just the same. They're out to kill any Poole man they can find."

"It shoah was kind of y'all, but I wish yuh hadn't come, Miss Murray." The kid's face was grave, his eyes more tender than he guessed. "Babe's shot, and I'm aimin' to get him outa here to-night. I was awn my way to the stable to get the hawes."

"I'll help. I'll go crazy if I don't have something to do."

The kid tried to persuade her to stay under the bank by the spring, but he was secretly glad she wouldn't do it.

The kid led the way, thrilling to the sound of Nellie Murray's footsteps behind him. The stable door was sheltered from view of the ridge by the small haystack and by the clump of service-berry bushes where the nester

had hidden that morning. There really was no danger of being seen at the stable. But while the horses were drinking thirstily from the pool, the crackle of more shooting reminded him that the battle was still going on.

"Reckon I bettah get back to the cabin and answer those shots with a few of my own," he said uneasily to Nellie. "I'll take the watah bucket. If y'all would follow along with Babe's hawse I'd be much obliged, Miss Murray."

Nellie, coming along behind him, with never a whimper of fear for herself, filled him with a great wonder. Shoah complicated matters too, having her along. Going to be bad enough, making a run for it, with

him along. Going to be bad enough, making a run for it, with



"Ah — — excuse me, Miss Murray," he said, bashfully.

Babe. Never planned on having any one else to look after—Nellie Murray, least of all. They'd need another horse, and they'd need somebody that could shoot and hold back the nesters. The kid didn't see how he was going to make it, but it never occurred to him to change his plan. There wasn't any other plan to change to; not unless he just rode off with Nellie and left Babe—

"Reckon y'all bettah wait down heah with the hawes." The kid turned and set down the watah bucket. "I'll tote Babe out and put him awn his hawse."

"Through the roof? You can't do it alone. I'll have to help."

"You've got to have help, and you may as well own it first as last." She must have thought his silence was plain stubbornness, for she gave his arm an impatient shake. "You can't do it without me."

"Y'all can't go in, Miss Murray. They keep awn shootin' at the cabin. Bullets come th'ough the doah and window like bees into a hive in a plum thicket."

"I wouldn't get hit any quicker than you would." But she let her fingers slip from his arm. "Well, all right—you go on and boost him through, and I'll stay outside and ease him down to the ground. But do be careful, won't you—Babe?"

"Shoah will—Nellie. I kain't say what I want to say," murmured the kid helplessly. "I nevah did see a girl like y'all—"

Babe lay with his eyes shut and his face twitching with the pain of his wound, and he did not pay any attention to the clods of dirt that rattled down on the blankets. The kid picked up one of the rifles and began shooting at the ridge, rushing from one loophole to another to make it look as if two men were handling the guns.

The air was thick and acrid with powder smoke. The kid looked at his old silver watch and saw that the afternoon was half gone. No use moving Babe yet. He'd die on the horse before they could get him out of the gully. It would have to be dark when they made it.

Nellie, out there—she must be hungry, hiding in the brush since dawn. Mighty hungry himself, now he got to thinking about grub. The kid reckoned it would be safe to have a little picnic out back of the cabin in the shade, just him and Nellie. Babe was all right. Nothing to do for him but let him lie quiet as long as possible.

The kid wrung out a folded towel in cold water and laid it across Babe's forehead before he crawled out through the roof with a picnic lunch for Nellie. The men on the ridge would have been astonished to see the two sitting there with their backs to the wall of the beleaguered cabin, feasting contentedly on cold sardough biscuits, cold bacon and dried blackberry sauce.

The kid was holding his mouth organ between his cupped hands, watching Nellie from the corner of his eyes. He played "The Mocking Bird" softly. Nellie sat curling the end of her yellow braid absently around her fingers, her eyes downcast and her lips half smiling.

"Dammit, Tiger Eye, why don't yuh shoot to kill? What yuh so damn chicken-hearted for? Damn! cow thieves—"

(Continued on Page 4)

J. D. CONNER PLEADS GUILTY AT SAN ANGELO GETS 25 YEAR TERM

According to an Associated Press dispatch J. D. Conner entered a plea of guilty to robbery charges at San Angelo Monday, in connection with the case growing out of his escape from jail there the past year. A sentence of 25 years was imposed, of which 15 are to run concurrently with the 15 year term he is now serving.

Conner, who was for three years superintendent of the local schools, was convicted of robbery in San Antonio early last year and is serving in the state prison hospital.

The dispatch from San Angelo is as follows:

San Angelo, Jan. 18.—J. D. Conner, indicted here on a charge of robbery, pleaded guilty this morning in the fifty-first district court, after attorney had agreed to a 25-year sentence, the first 15 years to run concurrently with a 15-year sentence from San Antonio. Arguments were being completed before a jury this afternoon, the state charging the defense had failed to abide by the agreement in asking a lighter sentence.

Conner was convicted at San Antonio on extortion charges and had been in the penitentiary until brought here for trial. The robbery was in connection with a jail break here last May.—Rising Star Record.

BLANKET

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Gray and children of Ennis spent last week end in the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Guill.

The Hasse high school girls were defeated in basketball here Thursday afternoon by the Blanket team, 32 to 11.

Alton Hall of Comanche spent Thursday night with G. C. Levi-sav.

Misses Winn and Grace Reeves of Coleman spent the week end with Miss Grace's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Luke Reeves.

Alvin Richmond underwent an operation for appendicitis at a Brownwood hospital Sunday.

Mrs. Lois Manning of Goldthwaite spent last week with her sister, Mrs. R. L. Fortune.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Simpson are the parents of a baby girl, born on Wednesday of last week.

Miss Melba Bettis of Brownwood spent the week end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Bettis.

NOTICE!

SHERIFF'S SALE
The State of Texas, County of Comanche.

By virtue of an order of Sale, issued out of the Honorable District Court of Tarrant County on the 21st day of November A. D. 1931 by the Clerk thereof, in the case of J. L. Northrup Versus J. G. Jarvis and H. Stein, No. 91019 and to me, as Sheriff, directed and delivered

The Comanche Chief

Established 1878

THE COMANCHE PUBLISHING CO.

PUBLISHERS

Entered at the Post Office at Comanche, Texas, as Second Class Mail Matter.

Subscription Price \$2.50 Per Year

CLASSIFIED ADS

LOST—A mud chain between my home and post office, Monday. Finder please telephone me at No. 10.—S. J. Cockrell. 1t

TYPEWRITER FOR SALE—Latest model Remington Typewriter, as good as new, will sacrifice for \$30.00.—T. A. Norwood. 1t

FOR SALE—Double Disc Breaking Plow and some good work mules. Would trade for cattle or kids.—Alvin Richmond, Blanket, Texas. 1tp

LOST—Saturday, January 23rd. Black Brood Sow. Information will be appreciated by L. L. Hart, Comanche, Route 2. 1tp

UNDERWOOD NO. 5—Typewriter for sale, at a bargain.—See D. D. Jackson at Arthome Studio 1tp

FOR SALE OR TRADE—1923 Model Ford Touring in fair condition. License paid for 1932. Price \$25, or good milk cow.—T. L. Layman, Comanche, Texas, Democrat Star Route. 1tp

HATCHING—We will start our Hatchery February First. Custom Hatching. Settings every Monday and Thursday. Chicks for sale, all kinds.—H. J. P. Gille, Comanche Poultry Farm.—Telephone 89. 1f

Use our Better Butter Wrapping Paper. A genuine Vegetable Parchment paper, that will not stick to the butter. Is better but costs no more. Ask us for Butter 1f

BRING US YOUR PRODUCE—CREAM, CHICKENS, EGGS.—WE PAY TOP PRICES.—BOB SEALE—HOME PRODUCE CO. 1f

FOR SALE—Good Work Horses and Mules.—John Chilton. 1f

NOTICE—The J. E. Morris Mattress Factory will make your mattresses over for \$1.00. We make your ticks free. We will do you good work.—J. E. Morris. 1f

FOR SERVICE—Registered Jersey Bull, "Spotted Combination Sultan." If you want the best and improve your herd, breed to him. Price Two Dollars at the barn. Will call for cows in city limits for 50 cents extra. Phone 141.—J. D. Smoot, Comanche, Texas. 22-24

ROSE BUSHES—2 year old, No. 1's—20 varieties at 20c each. Many other plants at Special Reduction.—Mrs. Thos. C. George, Telephone 104—Comanche, Texas. 22-24

FOR SALE OR TRADE—Good Pasture Broke Jack. Will have him in Comanche First Monday.—See C. C. Campbell, Doctor. Address Dublin Route 2. 22-24p

FOR SALE—Complete set of Farm Tools. Also cows, horses and feed. All to go at a bargain.—Earl McDonald on Joe Lee's farm, 2 miles north of Hasso. 22-24p

FOR SALE—A few Bronze Gobblers. Mrs. Burns' stock.—See H. M. O'Brien, Comanche, Route 2. 1tp

FOR SALE OR LEASE—Cement Block Building, opposite Ice Plant, L. E. Russell. 1f

3 Fruit Trees—Pecans, Persimmons—Now is the time to plant.—See me for trees or 1999. All priced to sell.—Mrs. Thos. C. George, Telephone 104, Comanche, Texas. 1f

WILL PAY A PREMIUM—For some Turkey Pens ready to lay this spring.—See Fred Thorpe at A & P. 1f

MATTRESSES REWORKED—And made good as new with factory equipment for \$1.00. Also new mattresses made to order. No charge for making ticks.—Special on 40 lb. long staple Cotton Mattress, only \$15.50 for box spring. Matted edge \$5.55.—Jesse Adams Mattress Factory, near High School.—Telephone 137 1tp

J. N. Collier

Buried At Hico

J. N. Collier, 47, Cashier of the Citizens National of Whitney died suddenly at his home at that place Monday night, January 25 and funeral services were held at Hico, his former home, Tuesday afternoon.

Mr. Collier was the son-in-law of Mrs. M. D. Pope of Comanche. He was married to Miss Josephine Harris at Comanche twenty three years ago. Mrs. Collier died about eighteen months ago.

Mr. Collier is survived by his mother and several brothers and sisters who live out of the state. He also has relatives living at Hico.

Mr. Collier had been connected with the Whitney bank for about twenty five years.

Mrs. J. O. Yates arrived Friday from Brownwood where she underwent treatment at a hospital.

MARSHAL'S SALE

THE STATE OF TEXAS, County of Comanche.

By virtue of a certain Order of Sale issued out of the Honorable United States District Court for the Northern District of Texas, at Fort Worth, on the 11th day of January, 1932, by Geo. W. Parker, Clerk of said Court, upon a judgment in favor of W. F. Skillman, Receiver of The First National Bank of Rising Star, Texas, for the sum of Twenty-seven Hundred (\$2700.00) Dollars, and costs of suit, in cause No. 628 in Equity in said Court, styled W. F. Skillman, Receiver of The First National Bank of Rising Star, Texas, versus J. D. Runkle, C. G. Shultz and Mac T. Anderson, and placed in my hands for service, I, S. L. Gross, United States Marshal for the Northern District of Texas, did on the 27th day of January, 1932, levy on certain lease and personal property situated in Comanche County, described as follows, to-wit:

A certain oil and gas lease and leasehold estate from J. D. Runkle and wife to Mac T. Anderson, dated July 17, 1928, recorded in the Deed Records of Comanche County, Texas, Vol. 186, page 425, covering the hereinafter described tract of land of 120 acres in Comanche County, Texas, together with the shallow oil and gas wells, and all of the oil field material, supplies and equipment, consisting of casing, pipe, engines, tanks, connections and various other tools and equipment now located upon said 120 acres of land in Comanche County, Texas, which land is described as follows:

1st. A portion of Block 28, Lampasas County School Land, League No. 3, Survey as follows: 80 acres of land off the North end of said Block 28, and being 950 vrs. East by West and 1500 feet North by South so as to cover five drilling lines of 300 feet each running East and West. 2nd. A portion of Block 22, Lampasas County School Land, League No. 3, Survey, described as follows: Beginning 324 vrs. East of the N. W. Corner of said Block 22, Thence East 475 vrs. Thence South 475 vrs. Thence West 475 vrs. Thence North 475 vrs. to the place of beginning, and containing 40 acres, and levied upon as the property of said J. D. Runkle, Mac T. Anderson and C. G. Shultz, and on Tuesday, the 1st day of March, 1932, at the Court House door of Comanche County, in the city of Comanche, Texas, between the hours of 10 a. m. and 4 p. m. I will sell said lease and personal property at public vendue, for cash, to the highest bidder, as the property of said J. D. Runkle, Mac T. Anderson and C. G. Shultz, by virtue of said levy and said order of sale.

And in compliance with law, I give this notice by publication, in the English language, once a week for four consecutive weeks immediately preceding said day of sale in the Comanche Chief, a newspaper published in Comanche County.

Witness my hand, this 27th day of January, A. D. 1932. S. L. GROSS, United States Marshal for the Northern District of Texas.

By A. P. CULBERTSON, Deputy. (24-28)

IF YOU SELL BUTTER—Make it more attractive—Use our Butter Cartons and our genuine Vegetable Parchment that will not absorb moisture. The butter is kept better and sells better.—The Comanche Chief. 1f

Among those who attended the funeral services of J. C. Allcorn of Bangs who was buried Tuesday at Brownwood were in addition to Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Allcorn: Bob Stanton, Wade Everidge, Romeo Walker, R. V. Walker, and Henry Huff.

Mr. Allcorn had been in feeble health for some time, and his death was not altogether unexpected although it comes as a shock to his hosts of friends throughout the county who had not known of critical condition during the past several days.

John Caldwell Allcorn was born in Floyd county, Georgia, October 21, 1847, and since 1875 had been a citizen of Brown county. His youth was spent in Georgia, and in 1864, at the age of 17 years, he enlisted as a soldier in the Confederate army under the cavalry command of General Joe Wheeler. December 22nd, 1869, he was married in Georgia to Miss Mary Barrett, who has been his faithful companion for more than 62 years. Mrs. Allcorn herself is in feeble health, and is 80 years of age. Shortly after their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Allcorn moved to Tennessee, and two children, Mrs. Lillie DeClark of Portland, Oregon, and Mrs. Bona Stokes of Tahoka, Texas, were born there. Other children, born in Brown county, are Jule and Hugh Lee Allcorn of Bangs. Howie Allcorn of San Antonio, Barrett Allcorn of Comanche and Clarence L. (Jack) Allcorn of Brownwood. Paul Allcorn, a son, died several years ago.

Mr. Allcorn and his family moved to Texas in 1874, stopping in Johnson county long enough to raise a crop. Then he sold his crop and with a wagon and a yoke of steers moved to Brownwood, reaching here in October, 1875, when this was a small village "away out in West Texas."

With his wagon and oxen he hauled stone for a number of the early day business houses here and for the old Presbyterian church, and engaged in many other activities of a similar character for about sixteen years. He then moved to a farm and lived there for 28 years, after which he went to Bangs and made his home there the rest of his life.

Mr. Allcorn came from a long line of Presbyterian ancestors, of whom he was very proud. He became one of the first ruling elders of the First Presbyterian church here in 1877, and after removing to Bangs served as an elder in the Presbyterian church there until his death. One of his sons, Hugh Lee Allcorn, is also an elder in the Bangs church. Mr. Allcorn's great grandfather, Josiah Allcorn, was a Presbyterian elder in Ireland, and his

father was an elder in a Georgia Presbyterian church. His maternal grandfather, Jesse Harris, was a captain in the colonial army during the Revolutionary war, and continued to serve as such after he had lost a leg in battle. He was killed when he refused to leave a wagon train during one of the Revolutionary battles.

Mr. Allcorn was one of the charter members of Camp Stonewall Jackson, U. C. V.—Brownwood Bulletin.

Mr. Allcorn was the father of J. B. Allcorn of Comanche.

LAMKIN

Mr. and Mrs. Nellie Hays announce the arrival of a daughter, Judge Rice of Hamilton visited "Uncle Charlie" Ewell here in the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Ewell recently.

Deane Hamilton of Bunkie, La. is visiting his parents here.

R. E. Daniel of Brownwood spent the week end here with his father, R. J. Daniel, who is ill.

On Saturday the Lamkin basketball boys' team played the Goldwaite team at the Brownwood Tournament, conducted by Daniel Baker College, winning 21 to 15. Lamkin also won from the Gustine Tigers 22 to 21, and lost the semi-final game to Brownwood high school 27 to 20.

BRING IN YOUR FURS

We will buy furs First Monday for probably the last day this season. Bring us all your furs.—J. L. McDonald, at Dublin Green Station.

CHILD need REGULATING?

CASTORIA WILL DO IT

When your child needs regulating, remember this: the organs of babies and children are delicate. Little bowels must be gently urged—never forced. That's why Castoria is used by so many doctors and mothers. It is specially made for children's ailments; contains no harsh, harmful drugs, no narcotics. You can safely give it to young infants for colic pains. Yet it is an equally effective regulator for older children. The next time your child has a little cold or fever, or a digestive upset, give him the help of Castoria, the children's own remedy. Genuine Castoria always has the name:

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The Way of Life

BRUCE BARTON

Trembling On The Verge

THE United States is a famous trembler. There has never been a time in its history when some one was not ready to announce that it was "trembling on the verge."

Washington despaired of it. Lincoln despaired of it. Many present-day prophets assure us that it passed over the peak in 1929, and is now definitely on the way down.

Yet within the past few months I have enjoyed some interesting experiences. I have attended the annual sales conventions of a number of major industries. Their business, when I visited them, was terrible. But what took place at the conventions?

In one of them, an electrical industry, the head of the research department revealed plans for a new household utility which promises to banish one disagreeable feature of housework. It is certain to have a tremendous sale.

In a furniture company, the "planning department" displayed a whole new line of improved floor coverings.

In a third, an optical concern, the scientists told us of work now going on which may give all of us better eyesight.

Everywhere I found men's backs turned upon present discouragements, and minds busy with better goods, better methods, better ideas, better living.

I spoke to the head of one company about it. He said he had recently been holding a meeting of their English representatives. He told them casually that the company had hired an engineer and assigned him the task of making a world survey of their sources of raw materials for the next twenty-five years.

One of the Englishmen exclaimed: "Confound you Yankees! What English company would ever think of hiring a man to look ahead twenty-five years?"

Coming to the end of all these meetings, I concluded that it is a waste of time to worry about the future of American business.

We have an asset more fundamental than gold supply, or raw materials, or electric power, or climate. That asset is a restless dissatisfaction with the past, a spirit of continuous improvement.

As long as we are inspired by that spirit I believe that our future is secure. We shall not go down to destruction.

No matter how often we may tremble on the verge.

J. C. Allcorn

Buried Tuesday

By James C. White

J. C. Allcorn, 85-year-old Brown county pioneer, died at 1:15 a. m. Tuesday at his home in Bangs, following an illness of about three weeks, a part of which time was spent in a Brownwood hospital. He was returned to his home last Thursday when it became apparent that he could not recover.

The funeral services were conducted Tuesday afternoon in the First Methodist church at Bangs, followed by interment in Greenleaf Cemetery in Brownwood. The Odd Fellows Lodge assisted with the services in the church, and the Masonic Lodge had charge of the services of interment.

Mr. Allcorn had been in feeble health for some time, and his death was not altogether unexpected although it comes as a shock to his hosts of friends throughout the county who had not known of critical condition during the past several days.

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BRYSONVILLE

T. R. Randall and children, Ruth and Elmo of Comanche spent Sunday with S. J. Robertson and family.

O. B. Start of Sipe Springs spent the week end here with friends.

Sam Sparks and daughter, Ella Mae, of DeLeon spent the week end with J. A. Johnson and family.

TREACHING AT MOUNT PLEASANT SUNDAY

Sunday School, 10 a. m. Sermon, 11 a. m. Sermon 7 p. m.

We urge all members and friends to attend these Fifth Sunday Services.

Homer Davis, Pastor.

TIGER EYE

(Continued from Page 4)

"Babe" woke up. The kid lowered the mouth organ from his lips, heaving a big sigh as he wiped it on his sleeve and slid it into his pocket.

He sighed again as he rose, hitched up his gun belt and looked gravely down at her.

"We all could get outa here easy if it was just us two. But I ain't leave Babe. He's been pow'ful good to me, Babe has."

"Of course, we can't leave him. They'd kill him sure, and there's been too much killing already. We'll make it somehow. I—you can just do anything, Tiger Eye!"

"Shoah feel like I could, from now on," said the kid, looking at her with shy meaning, and started to climb. "We'll make it," he called softly down to her. "We've plumb got to make it!"

They did make it. Down the gully, with Babe tied on his horse, insensible to pain or motion. Fifty yards, a hundred, with the rifles on the ridge barking foolishly at the empty cabin.

The sun went down behind the rim, the daylight was merging into dusk when the kid forced the horses up the steep bank.

"Say, where do you think you're goin', Tiger Eye?" Babe roused suddenly to consciousness and speech when they stopped beside Nellie's horse, circling the rock anxiously in the starlight.

"Reckon we'll go awn ova to the Poole, Babe."

"What you goin' to the Poole all of a sudden for?" Babe's voice sharpened. "Think you'll beat me to the bounty? You've got another think comin', Kid. I'll do the collectin' on this."

"Don't know what you'll talkin' about, Babe." The kid glanced uneasily toward Nellie. "I'm tellin' you all ova to the Poole, account of that bullet hole in yoh side."

"You're a damned liar!" Babe's voice was abnormally loud and distinct. Nellie, mounting her horse, reined close to listen. "You're goin' to try and gyp me outa my money for old Murray. You can have the pay for gettin' Ed Murray, if you want to be on the grab, but I'll be damned if you're goin' to collect for the old man!"

"Oh, you—you fiend!" Nellie forced the words out through her clenched teeth. "Paid killers, both of you!"

"Ain't paid yet, but I'm sure I'll get goin' to be. Damn right!" The febrile strength that had upheld Babe for a minute began to ebb. He swayed in the saddle. "Dirty work—and it's money talks, in this neck up the woods. Damn right I'll

Announcements

The Chief is authorized to announce the following candidates for office, subject to the Democratic Primary, July 23, 1932

- For District Judge—
JOE H. EIDSON
- For Representative—
HOMER C. DE WOLFE
- For County Judge—
W. T. HOUSE
B. J. PITTMAN
H. L. STEWART
- For County Clerk—
BOB HAYNES, Re-election
Second Term
- For Sheriff—
DWIGHT BRIGHTMAN
Re-election Second Term.
- For District Attorney 52nd
Judicial District—
TOM L. ROBINSON
- For County Treasurer—
FLORENCE STURKIE
IVA HART
- For Tax Collector—
W. D. (Will) STURKIE
MRS. B. W. SPED
JOE MARSHALL
- For District Clerk—
FRANK HOWINGTON
Re-election Second Term.
- For Tax Assessor—
GEORGE GOOSBY
E. R. ARMSTRONG
DEROL E. NABERS

- For Commissioner Precinct No. 1
F. L. LITTLE
T. A. (Aron) WARD
W. P. (Bill) GRAHAM
H. R. (Hugh) LACY
DEE ISHAM
- For Commissioner Precinct No. 2
G. M. (Mode) SCOTT
TOM PATTON
WILL MAY.
SAM B. LEWIS
- For Commissioner Precinct No. 3
F. T. BRANDT
GRADY HOWELL

Mrs. D. M. Brightman, and
lemons Luker of Proctor spent
Wednesday in Temple.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Bradshaw
Abilene spent the week end
Comanche with their daughter,
rs. Hart Shoemaker.

We want your cream, pro-
duce, poultry and eggs.—Bot-
le at Home Produce Co.

SPECIAL
House Dresses, guaranteed fast
colors, 59c each or 2 for \$1.00.
Size 14 to 52.—See us in our new
location, next door to J. F. Tate
Son.—ROBERSON SISTERS.

**WHITES
CREAM
VERMIFUGE
For Expelling Worms**

S. PARIS SMITH

LYRIC
BROWNWOOD, TEXAS

THIS SATURDAY
January 30th
WARNER BAXTER, IN
"Surrender"

SUNDAY and MONDAY
January 31st—February 1st
JOAN CRAWFORD and
CLARK GABLE, IN

"Possessed"

TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY
February 2-3rd
Louise Dresser, Minna Gombell
William Collier, Sr.

"Stepping Sisters"

THURSDAY and FRIDAY
February 4-5th
FREDERIC MARCH, IN

"Dr. Jekyll and
Mr. Hyde"

THE TEXAS COMPANY
High Grade Gasoline, Kerosene
and Lubricating Oil
O. H. DONAHO, Agent
Telephone No. 9

FARMERS' MILL

Will Grind your Feed or make
any kind of Egg Mash you
want or mix any kind of
Chicken Feed you want ground
and mixed. Also grind every
kind of Grain. All kinds any
day.—I will trade Flour for
Yellow Corn. I want to buy
your Eggs. Call and See Me.
AT THE FARMERS MILL
W. H. HUETT

Mail Order Chief Dies



Julius Rosenwald, for many years
president of Sears Roebuck, died at
his home near Chicago at the age of
68. He was noted for his philan-
thropy.

TELEPHONE 504!!

Chief Dry Cleaners. We call
for the clothes. The work will
be satisfactory.—E. E. McNatt.
(tf)

S. P. BUYS
COTTON BELT

(By Associated Press)
WASHINGTON, Jan. 25.—The
Southern Pacific Company, larg-
est of all American transporta-
tion systems, today was author-
ized in an Interstate Commerce
Commission decision to extend
its properties nearly 2,000 miles
into all of the important Missis-
sippi River and crossings be-
tween St. Louis and New Orleans
through the purchase of the Cot-
ton Belt Railway.

Acquisition by the Great West-
ern Railroad Holding Company of
the St. Louis-Southwestern
Railway, also known as the Cot-
ton Belt, was approved condition-
ally by the commission.

The action, taken over protest
of the other Western transcon-
tinental systems, gives the South-
ern Pacific direct access to St.
Louis, Cairo, Ill., Little Rock,
Ark., and Memphis, Tenn.

During hearings, witnesses told
the commission the Cotton Belt
was in danger of bankruptcy from
failure to meet its bond interest
and maturities. It has \$20,727,750
of 4 per cent bonds falling due
on June 1 and proponents of the
unification held the road probably
would be unable to meet this bur-
den.

The Cotton Belt has 1,809 miles
of main line and several hundred
miles of branches and trackage
rights. The Southern Pacific con-
trols 18,926 miles of which 9,140
are west of El Paso. With the
Cotton Belt the Southern Pacific
will have 21,135 miles of line if
it accepts the condition.

Besides the condition keeping
open routes the commission re-
quires that the Southern Pacific
Company, at the direction of that
tribunal, buy the Waco, Beau-
mont, Trinity and Sabine and the
Paris and Mount Pleasant rail-
roads.—Fort Worth Star-Telegram

This may result in improved
service and equipment at Coman-
che, one of the terminals of the
Cotton Belt according to Local
Agent, Carroll Black, who said
that no official statement had
been received by him.

BRING US YOUR PRODUCE

We buy all your Produce all
the time. World wide outlets
enable us to pay top prices at
all times for Chickens, Eggs and
Cream.

FARMERS PRODUCE CO.

BRING US YOUR PRODUCE
CREAM, CHICKENS, EGGS.—
WE PAY TOP PRICES.—BOB
SEALE.—HOME PRODUCE CO.

BILIOUS

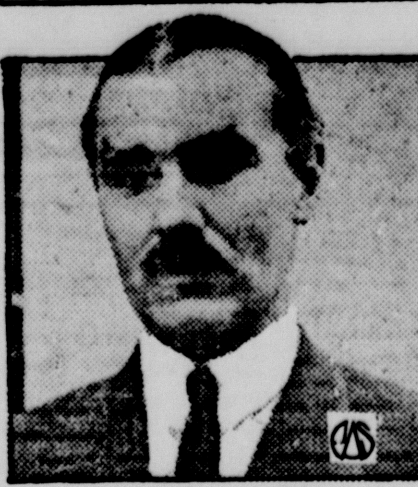
"I have used Black-
Draught . . . and have
not found anything
that could take its
place. I take Black-
Draught for bilious-
ness. When I get bil-
ious, I have a nervous
headache and a ner-
vous, trembling feeling
that unfits me for my
work. After I take a
few doses of Black-
Draught, I get all
right. When I begin
to get bilious, I feel
tired and run-down,
and then the headache
and trembling. But
Black-Draught re-
lieves all this."—H. O.
Bendrix, Homerville, Ga.

For indigestion, con-
stipation, biliousness,
take .

**Thedford's
BLACK-
DRAUGHT**

WOMEN who need a tonic should
take CARDUL. Used over 50 years.

New Japanese Envoy



Joseph C. Grew, former Amba-
sador to Turkey and a member of
the American diplomatic corps
since 1904, has been named Am-
bassador to Japan, succeeding W.
Cameron Forbes.

A. E. F. Sweetheart Weds



Elsie Janis has wed Gilbert
Wilson, 16 years younger than
herself. She is 42. During the
War she was the most popular
entertainer with the American
doughboys.

Justice Holmes Quits



Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes
found the burden of 91 years too
heavy for him and resigned from
the Supreme Court Bench after 29
years of service.

MRS. EMMA FRANCES KEMP
BURIED AT WICHITA FALLS

Mrs. Emma Frances Kemp, 93,
mother of Mrs. Jim Hill of Co-
manche died at her home in
Wichita Falls Tuesday, January
19th, where Mrs. Hill and Mrs.
N. N. Durham and children at-
tended the services which were
held in Wichita Falls Wednesday.

The following account of her
death was carried in the Wichi-
ta Falls Daily Times.

"Almost exactly two months
before her 94th birthday which
would have been celebrated March
17, Mrs. Emma Frances Kemp,
pioneer Texan and mother of
Joseph Alexander Kemp, univer-
sally considered Wichita Falls' first
citizen when he passed away in
November 1930, died at her
residence, 1911 Lucille, at 4
o'clock Tuesday morning. She had
resided in Wichita Falls since 1904.

"Her husband, William T. Kemp
a Confederate Veteran and pio-
neer citizen of Bosque County,
Texas and five of their eight
children preceded her in death.
These five included in addition
to J. A. Kemp, Mrs. M. M.
Adkins, another well known
Wichitan, who died in November
1931.

"For several years preceding
her death 'Grandma' Kemp as
she was known to hundreds of
Wichitans had been the honoree
of a birthday party given each
year by her children at which
several other pioneer Wichita
Falls women were guests.

"Mrs. Kemp's death came af-
ter an illness of less than a day.
Late Monday afternoon she was
seized with an attack of acute
indigestion and was confined to
her room, that illness being the
first indication of failing health.
Mrs. Kemp had been active
throughout the greater part of
her life.

"Funeral services were held at
three o'clock Wednesday after-
noon from the First Baptist
Church with Dr. O. L. Powers,
Pastor of the church, officiating.
Dr. Powers was assisted by Dr.
George P. Horst of the First
Presbyterian Church. Burial was
in the Riverside Cemetery.

"Mrs. Kemp is survived by
three daughters, Mrs. Fannie
Terry of Columbia, Texas; Mrs.
Lola Kemp Kell (Mrs. Frank
Kell) of Wichita Falls and Mrs.
Lottie Kemp Hill of Comanche,
Texas. In addition to the daugh-
ters, 31 grandchildren, 38 great-
grandchildren and several great-
great-grandchildren survive."

LIGHT TESTING!!
We test your Lights—Bright-
man's Service Station.

SPECIAL

The following prices are for
Saturday and First Monday only.
Copper Rivets and Burs.

- Box 10c
Good Butcher Knife, ... 17c
6-Inch Blade 17c
Leather Back Band, 3 1/2 in. 89c
Web-Back Band, with hooks 19c
Web-Back Band, without hooks 9c
Each 10c
8-Inch File 15c
10-Inch File 15c
Brass Chains, 32-Inch, Pr. \$1.10
Harness Oil, (bring your jug)
Gallon 65c
Saddle Blanket, \$1.50 Value,
Now at \$1.10
Bridle Bits 10c

HOWARD KILPATRICK

RADIATORS

If your radiator heats or leaks
take advantage of this offer.
I have moved my radiator re-
pair shop from the Comanche
Wrecking house to the building
opposite Clark's Garage, Start-
ing February First and to Feb-
ruary 10th, we will give free a
clean out job with every radi-
ator repaired. See us for any
radiator repair job.—Grave's Ra-
dior Shop. 1tp

NOTICE

All those who have Turkey or
Chicken Coops belonging to the
Farmers Produce Co., please bring
them in at once.
FARMERS PRODUCE CO.

COTTON REPORT

There had been ginned in Co-
manche County prior to January
16 a total of 6690 bales of cot-
ton as compared to 4105 on the
corresponding date last year ac-
cording to John H. Harris, Spec-
ial Agent.

JACKSON CANDIDATE FOR
SHERIFF OF REAGAN CO.

Volley Jackson, former Sher-
iff of Comanche County, is a
candidate for Sheriff of Reagan
County. The office of Sheriff in
Reagan also carries with it the
duties of Tax Collector. Mr.
Jackson was sheriff of Coman-
che County from about 1908 to
1912.
Mr. Jackson moved from Co-
manche to Reagan County about
four years ago and has since
served as peace officer at Texon
and at Big Lake where he now
resides.

RUTH'S FRUIT STAND

Our Fruit Stand off the south-
west corner of the square on the
Higginbotham lot is well supplied
with fruits, vegetables, nuts, etc.
These are all fresh and of the
best quality and we are offering
these at low prices. Your busi-
ness will be appreciated. I also
have a supply of Onion Plants
for sale.—A. M. RUTH.

BRING US YOUR PRODUCE

We buy all your produce all
the time. World-wide outlets en-
able us to pay you top prices
at all times for chickens, eggs,
cream.—Farmers Produce Co. tf

SPECIAL

House Dresses, guaranteed fast
colors, 59c each or 2 for \$1.00.
Size 14 to 52.—See us in our new
location, next door to J. F. Tate
& Son.—ROBERSON SISTERS.

CLEANING—PRESSING
ALTERING—REPAIRING

A telephone call and we call
for the clothes. The work will
please you. The service will be
prompt.—Call 504.—Chief Dry
Cleaners, E. E. McNatt, Prop.
(tf)

Is Arrested On
Car Theft Charge

George Dyer of DeLeon was
arrested there Monday by Sheriff
Dwight Brightman.

It is said that Mr. Dyer is
under indictment at Fairfield,
Texas for car theft and he is
being held for Fairfield officers.
It is said that the car was stolen
in Pennsylvania but the case will
be brought to trial at Fairfield
where Mr. Dyer was arrested
some time ago and later released
under an appearance bond to
await the action of the grand
jury.

SEED! SEED!

We shall still be headquarters
for all kinds of field seeds, gar-
den seed. Also nice lot of fresh
Comb Honey, 10 pound bucket,
as well as lots of other bargains.
Also nice Oil Cook Stove for sale,
reasonable.—E. H. JONES.

J. I. STARR SELLS
GORMAN STORE

J. I. Starr, Proprietor of Starr's
1 Cent to \$1.00 Store at Coman-
che sold his business in Gorman
Monday, known as Starr's Var-
iety Store, to Amos Aekers, who
had been connected with the Dry
Goods Department of Higginboth-
am Bros. & Co., at Gorman for
nearly twenty years.

Mr. Starr and Mr. Aekers left
Thursday for Dallas where they
will buy merchandise for the
Comanche and Gorman stores.

Mr. Starr was in business at
Gorman before buying his pres-
ent business in Comanche nearly
a year ago.

BRING YOUR CREAM

Poultry, Eggs, Turkeys and Pe-
cans to D. C. Bailey, off North-
west Corner Square. Top Prices.

Tire Prices

THAT MEAN A SAVING TO YOU AGAINST ALL COMPETITION

We have always Made you Low Tire Prices and our policy of Volume Purchases and Sales enable us to give you consistently the lowest possible prices on High Quality Federal Tires. THESE NEW LOW PRICES WILL CONVINCE YOU.

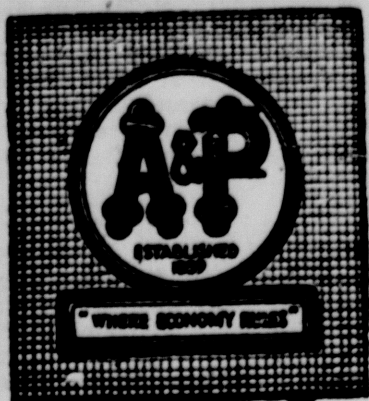
30x3 1-2 Federal Traffik Cord Giant-Oversize	29x4:40 Federal Traffik Cord	4:50x21 Federal Traffik Cord
3.45	3.65	3.95
Fully Guaranteed	Fully Guaranteed	
FEDERAL Double Blue Pennant De Luxe—6-Ply	Federal Traffik 4-Ply	Federal Standard 4-Ply
For a limited time only we are mak- ing out Standing Prices on this DeLuxe Tire.		
6-Ply		
4.50x20 \$6.95	4.40x21 \$3.65	4.20x21 \$4.45
4.50x21 7.20	4.50x20 3.90	4.50x20 4.95
4.75x19 7.35	4.50x21 3.95	4.50x21 5.10
5.00x19 8.15	4.75x19 4.60	4.75x19 5.75
5.00x20 8.40	4.75x20 4.70	4.75x20 5.95
5.00x21 8.65	5.00x19 4.90	4.75x21 6.10
5.25x18 8.85	5.00x20 5.15	5.00x19 6.15
5.25x21 9.75	5.25x20 5.85	5.00x20 6.30
5.50x19 10.15	5.25x21 6.00	5.00x21 6.50
5.50x20 10.45		5.25x18 6.85
6.00x20 11.40		5.25x21 7.55
6.00x21 11.65		5.50x19 8.00
		5.50x20 8.25
32x6 Federal Standard Heavy Duty—10-Ply \$23.45	Tubes Priced At The Same Low Level	
	Complete Battery Ser- vice, General Auto Repairing Vulcanizing. Every Character of Automobile Service.	
	30x5 Federal Standard Heavy Duty—8-Ply \$14.45	

Wholesale Distributors of Federal Tires in the following Counties—Comanche, Erath, Hamilton, Mills, San Saba, Brown, McCulloch, Coleman, Runnels.

Dudley Tire Co.

Washing, Greasing, Repairing—Road Service
COMANCHE Gail-Tom-Eltos TEXAS

We Buy and Sell BACK BONES, SPARE RIBS AND COUNTRY SAUSAGE Bishop's Market - Telephone 299



YOU CAN DEPEND ON A
LOW PRICE AT A & P

Before You Do Your Shopping—with the windows of your nearest A & P store this week-end for rock bottom prices on staple merchandise Sugar, Flour, Shortening, etc. We can save you money. Our entire line is priced low.

8 O'CLOCK
COFFEE
Pound
19c

Pure Cane
SUGAR
21 Pounds
1.00

White House
MILK
6 Small Cans or
3 Tall Cans
19c

Green Beans, No. 2 Can . . . 9c
Fresh Oleomargarine, Lb. 15c
Sultana Peanut Butter,
1 Lb. Jar 15c
Matches, 6 Boxes 15c
Tomatoes, Small Cans . . . 5c
Marvin Dates, 10 Oz. Pkg. 15c
Quality Flour, 48 Lbs. . . 89c
Lettuce, 2 Heads 9c

Spinach, 2 No. 1 Cans . . . 21c
A & P Apple Sauce,
2 No. 2 Cans 25c
Fancy Dried Apples,
2 Lbs. 25c
Choice Quality Oats,
3 1-2 Lb. Pkg. 12c
Iona Pure Cocoa,
2 Lb. Can 25c
Grandmother's Bread,
16 Oz. Loaf 6c

SLICED BACON
Rindless
Pound
21c

EXCEL
Soda Crackers
2 Lb. Box
19c

Broken Sliced
PINEAPPLE
Large Can
15c

LOOK AT UR SHOES

A Grade Plan Price

At a price to suit pocket book with a Sole to suit UR type of Shoe with a price according to grade of material selected.

Collins Shoe Shop

Opposite Fire Station
Shoes Dyed any Color



IRA B. CLEMONS

—Agent—

GULF PRODUCTS

Office at Comanche Chief

Residence Phone 340 — Office Phone 2

STOCK FARM FOR SALE

1160 acres, 280 in cultivation. Well improved and well watered. Not heavily encumbered and nothing due or past due

Want to trade for a smaller farm, well located and well improved.

If you want a good stock farm look into this—

Phone 123

J. R. Eanes & Co.

J. R. Eanes— Jno. D. Waring, —C. A. Greene

PROGRAM

Comanche County Baptist Sunday School Convention will convene with the Proctor Baptist Church Sunday, February 7th, at 2 P. M.

2:00 Devotional and Song Service, by Travis Durham.
2:15 The duties of a Sunday School Superintendent, by Edwin Palmer.
2:30 Seeking the lost and teaching the saved, is the business of a Sunday School. How may we achieve in this laudable work? By Rev. King, of Dublin, Radio Broadcaster.
2:45 The benefit of a workers council, in both the small and large schools, by Rev. L. D. Hornburg.
3:00 Special Music, Grigsby Quartette.
3:10 An outline of the years work by Group Supt., D. E. Nabers, and what we expect of you.
3:30 Reports and business session. In this the Southern District, there are 17 Churches. In every Church we hope to be able to report a live, working Sunday School. Meet me on the above date, and at the time stated.
R. R. Harvey, General Supt.
D. E. Nabers, Group Supt.

PROCTOR

Mrs. Smith of East Texas has been visiting Miss Irene Rye the past week.

Mr. Weeden of Brownwood accompanied Rev. Daniels to this place Sunday.

Mrs. Tolar of Dublin visited her daughter, Mrs. Parker Kellum last week end.

John Davis moved to the Roach community last week.

Mrs. Mary Little who has been visiting in the Roach community for some time has returned home.

Ralph Guyger of Bangs visited his grandfather, Rayford Reed Sunday.

Charlie Bilbry accompanied by P. E. Smith visited Mr. Bilbry's father at Blanket Sunday.

Mrs. Rasco Bundick of Smiley and Miss Lettie Rackley of Edna Hill visited their mother, Mrs. Fate Rackley, who is ill, Friday night.

Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Holden of Begett are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Boss Stephens.

Mr. and Mrs. I. T. Dixon are receiving treatment at Marlin.

Mr. and Mrs. Claud Nicklos formerly of Stephenville, moved here last week.

COURT HOUSE NEWS

Marriages Recorded
Edward Dyer, DeLeon and Miss Alpha Waldon, DeLeon were married, Tuesday, January 12, the ceremony being performed by Rev. A. F. Nabors of DeLeon.
Wayne Smith and Miss Effie Hodges, DeLeon, were married Monday, January 11, the ceremony being performed by Rev. H. F. Skaggs.

Marriage Licenses
Truman Thurman, Dublin and Mary Lee Bray, Dublin.
Paul R. Limmer, Comanche, and Miss Helen Rohler, Priddy.

Births
To Mr. and Mrs. Nobel Burton Rogers, Comanche, January 7, a daughter, Dewayne Rogers.

Deaths Recorded
W. E. Vaughn and wife to Mrs. Inez Reese Palmer, 125.25 acres of the Josiah Pomeroy Survey, valuable consideration.

Mrs. Anna Lee Miracle and husband, W. E. Miracle to Mrs. Minnie L. Alexander, Lot 1, Block 39, City of Comanche, \$10.00 and other valuable consideration.

J. Frank Kirkland and wife to A. B. Haworth, lots 5 and 6, Block C, Fairland Addition, City of Comanche, consideration \$100.

F. Neal and wife to O. L. Kennedy et al 160 acres and 80 acres of the John McKoy Survey, consideration \$3800.00.

R. W. Steakley and wife to W. H. Smith, Lot No. 4, Block No. 1, Heath Addition of DeLeon, consideration \$1225.00.

R. C. (Bob) Carter to W. H. Smith, lots 15 and 16, Block 1, J. P. Markham Addition, DeLeon, consideration \$50.00

STAGG CREEK

Clate Roberson, Weldon Anders and Bub Scott of Beattie visited here Sunday night.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Claborn and son, Billie Joe of Kilgore are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Chambers and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Roberts and son of Abilene spent the week end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. LaRoque.

Felton Patterson has returned from Brownwood where he has visited for the past week.

Floyd White, Ocie Ward and Troy Weaver of Sidney attended singing here Sunday night.

Miss Alice Barrington of Sidney spent Tuesday night with Miss Anna Bell Chambers.

Jack Cagle entertained the young people with a party Wednesday night.

Jim Richson, Ted Barton and Myte Lee Morris of Sipe Springs visited in this community Wednesday night.

Miss Ruby Halbrooks of Beattie spent Sunday night with Miss Lorene and Hilma Rogers.

Miss Itha Livers of Sidney spent Wednesday night with Miss Anna Bell Chambers.

Ray Caffey and Ocie Ward of Sidney spent Thursday and Friday nights with Rupert Cagle.

Ben Stell of Brownwood spent Saturday night with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bill Steel.

Mr. and Mrs. John Eanes of Comanche have moved to this community.

John Cox and family have moved into this community.

J. D. BONNER ABLE TO BE BACK IN HIS OFFICE

J. D. Bonner, Justice of Peace, Precinct No. 1, was able to be at his office for the first time within over a month Tuesday afternoon.

Mr. Bonner suffered a slight stroke of paralysis in his office the night before Christmas and has been confined to his room since that time.

Mr. Bonner, one of the veteran office holders in this section of Texas, resumed his work at the court house a year ago when he took the oath as Justice after several years in private business.

He was elected county clerk more than fifty years ago and served either as clerk or deputy for about thirty five years.

Mr. Bonners office resembled that of a reception room, when other officers at the court house and friends in town found out that he had returned to duty Tuesday.

Central Benevolent Association

Office Masonic Bldg.
Comanche, Texas

A Home Institution
Offers You Good Life

Insurance At Low Rates

N. W. NORWOOD, Secretary

PILES—Fistula, Fissure and Polypus, treated and cured in a few days. But little or no pain or loss of time. No cutting, tying or cauterizing.

Amputation treatment only

Write, phone or call

DR. A. HILLMAN

309, First Nat'l Bank,

Brownwood, Texas

J. H. LEWIS MASSEUR

In Constant Daily Practice in Comanche 25 Years; Permanently Located on Dublin St., Northeast of Grammar School.
Phone 472

Hello everybody—Dr. Lewis has just returned from South Texas visiting his daughter and hunting, fishing, eating oranges, venison, fish and sight-seeing. Had a fine time. He is feeling fit and fine. You know Dr. Lewis is the oldest practitioner in the state in the years of practice. 25 years in Comanche with patients every day. That is evidence of efficiency. Any evidence you want, ask the people who know me and my work.

Respectfully,
J. H. LEWIS (23-26)

666

LIQUID—TABLETS—SALVE

666 Liquid or Tablets used internally and 666 Salve externally, make a complete and effective treatment for Colds.

Most Speedy Remedies Known.

ANNOUNCEMENT

We announce two important things. 1st. Fifth Sunday services at the Christian Church Sunday. Second. The preaching Sundays have been changed from the 1st and 3rd Sundays to the 2nd and 4th Sundays. We cooperate with the Presbyterian Church.

Let Us
Test Your Car
Lights—Now
For 1932 License
Biggs' Service
Station
Clarence Biggs,
Prop.



THE FAMILY DOCTOR
By JOHN JOSEPH GAINES, M.D.
YOUR BABY

Now let's not talk about vitamins and calories and modified milks and adenoids and all that; leave it to the specialists to theorize on the fine-spun; let's talk about the baby—YOUR baby.

First: Baby is supremely selfish. He's too busy attending to his own affairs to bother about the comfort of any one else—and, he's exactly right; if more people attended to their own business we'd soon have a better race of people.

Second: A baby is just a digestive tract, an air compartment, and a minute, nervous bundle, with a water-cooled motor. So long as he is comfortable he will not kick up a row. No respectable baby will tolerate a safety-pin boring into his umbilical region, nor will he fail to resent rough seams that grind his arm-pits or groins; remember, if he is comfortable he will be peaceful. No baby enjoys howling any more than you do. Treat him with sense.

Third: Baby will cease feeding when he has enough, and he'll do it every time; but don't urge him to take more; whenever he lets go is the instant for closing the seance. Of course he's just like you, and would over-stuff himself just as you do; then trouble comes. The keenest of judgment is in knowing when to stop.

Lastly: Maybe you have one of those cute, idiotic Pomeranians; if so, turn it over to the maid, and take care of baby yourself. It's a religious duty of yours to care for your own flesh and blood. A worth-while parent will entrust the baby to no alien hands.

If You Own Anything

Or Earn Anything

You Need Insurance

J. B. ALLCORN

**Oh Boy! Look
Who's Coming—
TO THE
Ritz Theatre**

COMANCHE

FOUR DAYS COMMENCING

Monday, Feb. 1st

**TOBY'S
Comedians**

A GUARANTEED STOCK COMPANY

A Stage Attraction Extraordinary

ALL NEW PLAYS

HIGH CLASS VAUDEVILLE
BETWEEN ACTS

DON'T MISS THE OPENING NIGHT
DEPRESSION PRICES

CHILDREN—10c

ADULTS—25c

LET'S ALL GO!

"We" OR JUST

The Button on The Wall



It is human to want to know "what a fellow thinks about"—especially about yourself.

The fact that a number of people have formed a "company" or a "corporation," does not change the situation.

Does your electric light and power company mean to you just The Button on the Wall, giving you light, heat, cold, and music in your home, running your factories and mills, lighting your streets? Or does it mean to you an organization of men and women striving to give you uninterrupted, unfailing service, every hour of the day or night?

Electricity, a great natural force, is not harnessed without difficulty, nor distributed without inventive genius, planning and organization. The discoveries and achievements of a legion of great scientists, inventors and engineers are the basis of the power industry.

But those who are making it possible for us to "carry on" are the men and women who make up the personnel of this company.

Texas Power & Light Co.

"TEXANS! LET'S TALK TEXAS"

Thos. Stark—Phone 294—Fischer Stark
COMANCHE SHEET METAL AND
PLUMBING WORKS
Tanks—Well Casing—Stove Pipe
Flues and Flue Lining
You can always get us when you need
Plumbing.

NOTICE!!

I have sold my interest in The Dublin Creamery Inc., to Mr. Luther Harper—and I want all my friends and patrons to continue to sell him your produce.

J. L. McDONALD

ANNOUNCEMENT

The Dublin Creamery, Inc., Comanche, has made a change in their management of their local produce house—Mr. Luther Harper will be in charge at all times and he wants to buy your country Produce at highest market prices. Mr. Harper has been in the employment of this company before and we recommend him to the public as an honest man of sterling character and know that he is truly honest and will treat one and all honest at all times.

DUBLIN CREAMERY, INC.

We have purchased the Dublin Creamery, Inc., Produce House in Comanche and will continue to buy all kinds of country produce at highest market prices. Give us a Trial—We will treat you honest at all times

LUTHER HARPER, Mgr.
DUBLIN CREAMERY
PRODUCE HOUSE
COMANCHE, TEXAS

Hints for the Home

by Nancy Hart

A Potato Substitute
Many persons like plain chestnuts served as a dinner vegetable. They may take the place of potatoes or be served instead of a second vegetable. The large Italian chestnuts look better, perhaps, but the others answer the purpose. They should first be shelled by cutting them with a cross and putting them with a little cooking oil in a skillet and heating. After they are shelled, boil until tender. Mash and serve with butter and salt.

Croquettes
Chestnuts make a very good substitute for meat in the main course of the meal. Here is a rule for making croquettes that will serve as such a dish or that may be used as an entree. Shell about four dozen fair-sized chestnuts as described above and boil about a half hour. Put through the meat grinder or a vegetable press, and add two tablespoons of butter or sweet cooking oil and pepper to season. Add a cup of cream or rich milk and three beaten eggs and mix well. Now cook in a double boiler for ten minutes, stirring to keep from lumping. This should be a thick paste. If not thin enough add more cream. Allow it to cool, form into croquettes, dip in egg and cracker crumbs and fry in deep fat.

Muffins
Boil one quart of chestnuts until tender, remove the kernels and press through a colander. Add to this one teaspoon of salt, the yolks of two eggs whipped into half a cup of milk. Next stir in half a cup of flour containing one teaspoon of baking powder. Fold in the beaten whites of the eggs and bake in pans.

Good Nut Cakes
One-third cup butter, one cup fine granulated sugar, one and three-quarters cups sifted flour, two and one-half teaspoons baking powder, one-half cup milk, one-half teaspoon vanilla, three egg whites, one-half cup chopped nuts.

Cream the butter and sugar. Sift the dry ingredients together: add part of the creamed butter and sugar; add the milk and the remainder of the dry ingredients; beat thoroughly; add the flavoring and beat; add a part of the chopped nuts, cut and fold in the whites of the eggs beaten stiff. Turn into tin and add the remainder of the chopped nuts. Bake in a moderate oven thirty-five or forty minutes.

Mrs. Connie Burnett of Fort Worth is visiting her mother, Mrs. R. A. Aller.

Miss Johnnie Magness was a Brownwood visitor Sunday.

Mrs. Ed Howell of Brownwood spent the week end in Comanche with her parents, Dr. and Mrs. T. M. Rutherford.

WHEN PROSPERITY ROUNDS THE CORNER

A load of 'taters the farmer sells, And all the world goes fair and well.

He hums a couple of cheerful tunes, And pays the grocer for his prunes.

The grocer, who has had the blues, Now buys his wife a pair of shoes.

That ten the shoeman thinks God-sent, And runs and pays it on the rent.

Next day the rent man hands the bill To Doctor Carver for a pill.

And Doctor Carver tells his frau That business is improving now.

And cheers her up and says, "My dear, You've been quite feeble for a year."

"I'm thinking you should have a rest, You'd better take a trip out West."

And in a couple of days the frau Is on the farm of Joshua Howe.

She pays her board to Farmer Howe, Who takes the bill and says, "I swow."

This bill's the one I got for 'taters, When I sold the load to buyer Craters."

He hums a couple of cheerful tunes, And goes and buys a lot more prunes.

—ANON.

HEAL THOSE SORE GUMS

Even after pyorrhea has affected your stomach, kidneys and your general health, Leto's Pyorrhea Remedy, used as directed can save you. Dentists recommend it. Druggists return money if it fails.—The Wm. Reese Drug Co. Agents.

Chas. Hoffman of Hoffman's Economy Store left Tuesday for Dallas to attend the Southwest Shoe Convention and to purchase spring merchandise for his store.

DAUGHETY CLINIC
CENTRAL TEXAS
HOSPITAL
Brownwood, Texas



FOR FIRST AID . . . Yes!
IN MOTOR OIL . . . No!

Because Sinclair Opaline Motor Oil contains no petroleum jelly Sinclair dealers can apply it to your car according to the Sinclair Law of Lubrication. Petroleum jelly is valuable in many ointments but, unless removed, makes motor oil too thick when cold—too thin when hot. Petroleum jelly is removed from Opaline at as low as 60°F. below zero—a much lower temperature than required for just removing wax. Ask the Sinclair dealer.

SINCLAIR OPALINE
MOTOR OIL

Agent Sinclair Refining Co.

W. C. HOUSE

COMANCHE, TEXAS
SINCLAIR DEALERS

B. F. CADENHEAD
STAR SERVICE STATION
A. E. Thompson, Prop.
FLORAL PARK SERVICE
STATION, D. G. Isham, Prop.
HEALER CHEVROLET CO.

W. W. JONES, Van Dyke
G. A. GRIFFIN, Hesse
J. W. CARTER, Hesse
CARL JESKE & CO., Priddy.
J. M. YOUNG, Gustine.
PENNANT SERVICE STATION

MERCER GAP

C. E. Renfro of Zephyr was elected principal of the Mercer Gap School Wednesday to succeed J. L. Smith who resigned on account of failing health. Miss Rena Mae Huggins spent

the week end in Comanche with relatives.

Five hundred sheets letter size paper, ruled on both sides, for \$1.00. Cheaper than tablets. Better paper—Comanche Chief

ANNOUNCEMENT

The Dunlop Tire Store
IS NOW IN NEW LOCATION ON EAST SIDE
OF THE SQUARE AND WE ANNOUNCE
THE APPOINTMENT OF

Weldon Glasgow

AS MANAGER

DUNLOP TIRE AND RUBBER CO.

WE CAN'T AFFORD TO DO IT

Suppose everyone would just quit and "lay down" on the job. Where would this country be?

Some 15 years ago the American people started in to win a great war—and won it. How did we do it—By not giving up and by fighting every foot of the way.

We can't afford to sit down and quit now. Lets whip this "Ole Depression". We can do it, but not by whining or complaining; we must all work together, pull together and co-operate.

The telephone will help you fight this battle. It will help you get new customers, hold old ones; make new friends and keep the old ones. It will save time, trouble, lives and property.

Keep your telephone and use it. Use it oftener, it costs no more—You make it hard on yourself and your family or your business when you discontinue your telephone.

TEXAS HOME TELEPHONE CO.

ROBERSON BUS LINES SCHEDULE

Comfort with Safety
Leaves Comanche for Brownwood
A. M. P. M. P. M.
12:30 4:45 9:10
Leaves Comanche for Ft. Worth
A. M. P. M. P. M.
8:10 12:25 5:25

MEDICAL ARTS-HOSPITAL AND CLINIC

STAFF—H. B. Allen, M. D. Surgery and Medicine; J. M. Horn, B. S., M. D., Surgery and Gynecology; O. N. Mayo, M. D., Surgery and X-Ray; W. H. Paige, M. D., Internal Medicine and Urology; T. C. Terrill, M. D., F. A. C. P., Consulting Pathologist; W. B. Anderson, M. D., Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat; Ben M. Shelton, A. B., M. D., F. A. C. S., Eye, Ear, Nose, and Throat; Earl Jones, B. S., M. D., Pediatrics; J. N. Arvin, D. D. S., Dentistry; C. F. Clayton, M. D., Bone and Joint Surgery.

Corner of West Anderson and Booker—Brownwood, Texas

Y. W. HOLMES LAWYER

GENERAL PRACTICE

Land Titles, Estates, Guardianships; Damages; Landlord and Tenant; Debts.

Title Examiner for National Title and Trust Co. Title Insurers.
San Antonio.

DR. GEO. T. BLACKWELL

Practice limited to Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat
Blackwell Sanitarium
Gorman, Texas

N. A. Palmer & Co

All Kinds Insurance

And Bonds

First Nat'l Bank Bldg.
Residence Phone 25

Bring Us Your PRODUCE

A Market For What You Have To Sell

ALL THE TIME

WE ESPECIALLY WANT

YOUR CREAM

Farmers Produce Company

GEO. C. McKINZIE, Mgr.

Back To Farm Is Vogue, Says Rural Carrier

"Practically every farm house on my route is now occupied," said George S. Emert, Mail Carrier on Route No. 2, out of Comanche, "and it looks as if very little land, if any will lie idle next year," he continued. "Several years ago it was not uncommon to see half of many farms lying idle and many of the farm houses vacant."

"While there has been no radical influx of people from other parts of Texas into the county, many people who went further west a few years ago, have returned to the county," he said, "and fewer of the young people who marry go to other parts to begin farming. Very few of the old farmers have moved from the county this fall, although there has been a good deal of inter-neighborhood moving."

Confirming the report that the county is filling up, County Supt. R. S. Walker said that there were a greater number of pupils in the rural schools than there had been for several years and that many of the schools reported a noticeable increase following the Christmas holidays.

Comanche County suffered a heavy loss during the decade from 1920 to 1930, but the movement out of the county was checked during the closing years with a slight increase last year.

The fact that Comanche County is among the diversified farming counties in the state is believed to be one of the causes of the increase.

Assessor Gives Statement On Tax Exemptions

Church property and school property are exempt from taxation under a recent law but in order for them to be exempt it is necessary for the church or school board to claim such exemption according to County Tax Assessor George Goosby who gives the following excerpts from letters from the State Comptroller.

You are advised that under the statute schools and churches are required to file these statements before they can claim exemption of the property, and unless such statements are filed with the Tax Assessor and the Assessor is required to assess the property and the Collector to collect taxes on the same.

Act 42, Leg. Chap. 124—Article 7150, Section 1, relating to exempting churches and schools from taxation has been amended by adding the following:

"Provided, however, that said schools and churches desiring the right of exemption of the properties hereinabove mentioned, shall first prepare and file with the Tax Assessor of the County in which such property is situated, a complete itemized statement of all of said property, any and every kind whatsoever, which is claimed to be exempt from taxation under the provisions of this particular law, and all property not so listed shall be assessed and it shall be the duty of the Tax Assessor to make levy on the same, and for the Tax Collector to collect the said taxes."

Said itemized list of exemptions when made by the said schools or churches shall be sworn to by some officer of the said schools or churches familiar with the facts, and when the same has been with the Tax Assessor same shall be by him filed to his office, subject to inspection at any time by any person desiring to see the same."

In connection with this Mr. Goosby makes the following statement:

The County School Superintendent will handle exemption claims for all schools under his jurisdiction and all other schools and churches are urged to make your claims at once. There is no cost to making this claim and blanks can be secured at the Tax Assessor's office.

Unless these claims are filed the Tax Assessor must report the property to the Comptroller as liable for taxes.

Let us urge you to file these claims at once.

Geo. R. Goosby, Tax Assessor

SPECIAL

The following prices are for Saturday and First Monday only.

Copper Rivets and Burs, Box
Good Butcher Knife, 6-Inch Blade
Leather Back Band, 3 1/2 In. 89c
Web-Back Band, with hooks 19c
Web-Back Band, without hooks
Each 9c
8-Inch File 10c
10-Inch File 15c
Breast Chains, 32-Inch, Pr. \$1.10
Harness Oil, (bring your jug)
Gallon 65c
Saddle Blanket, \$1.50 Value, Now at \$1.10
Bridle Bits 10c
HOWARD KILPATRICK

POST OFFICE TO CLOSE ON SATURDAY EVENINGS

The Post Office will close at noon Saturday's, beginning 30th January. This is done to give all clerks half-holidays on Saturdays, which conforms with instructions I have received from Washington.

GEO. B. BLACK, Postmaster.

Night Schools Are Underway In County

There are now several evening schools underway in Comanche County according to County Agent J. A. Barton who estimates that more than a hundred adults are attending these, most of which meet one night each week.

One of these schools is in progress at Proctor under the direction of Superintendent J. B. Cooper. The school meets each Friday evening when some community problem is studied, such as poultry raising, permanent and temporary pastures, home canning, etc. Turkey raising was discussed last week by Mr. Barton and Mr. Cooper, and this week, sweet potatoes.

About twenty five men are attending a night school at Mount Pleasant school house in the north end of the County according to Mr. Barton who said that he discussed with them Thursday of last week, "The Crop Outlook for 1932," including in his discussion, poultry raising, dairying, etc. This week W. Z. Compton, teacher of Agriculture at DeLeon was to discuss with the class "Budgeting the Farm to meet the Requirements of a Family of Five." Mr. Compton has charge of the school.

Forty men and women were present Monday night of last week when a poultry evening school was started at the Highland School just over the line in Erath County. The school is being taught by Doyle Graves, Director of Vocational Agriculture at Comyn.

Mr. Graves is also teaching an evening pecan school at Comyn which meets each Thursday evening. A number of adults have been enrolled. Mr. Graves is being assisted by a number of pecan experts and each evening some special phase of the pecan culture is discussed. Mr. Barton and C. F. Denny of Comanche were scheduled to speak on "Starting a Pecan Orchard from Seed" Thursday evening.

Supt. O. B. Rose of Gustine has announced that a night school is to begin there at an early date.

Proctor Night School Is Well Attended

Interest is good in the Night School being held at Proctor, according to Superintendent J. B. Cooper, who in a statement to the Chief, gave the following information:

"The evening school at Proctor has met four nights with an average attendance of 15 members. In this school we are studying farm problems. So far we have studied Cotton diseases, grain sorghum diseases, turkey diseases and turkey breeding and brooding."

"The members have shown great interest in these discussions. The breeding and brooding of turkeys was discussed by J. A. Barton, County Agent. Everyone appreciated his work very much."

Those present last Tuesday night were: Jno. Gaines, Henry McKelvey, Teroh McKelvey, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Hanson, Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Bush, Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Purvis, Hamilton Gaines, Thomas Gaines, M. Peace, W. D. Weeks, Jess Hanson, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Hughes, B. Hancock, Times Richardson and Robert Bush.

BRING IN YOUR FURS
We will buy furs First Monday for probably the last day this season. Bring us all your furs.—J. L. McDonald, at Dublin Cream Station.

One Dose German Remedy Ends Gas

"I was sick and nervous with indigestion and stomach gas. One dose of Adlerika helped. I eat anything now and sleep good."—Henry Dodd.

You can't get rid of indigestion or gas by just doctoring the stomach. For gas stays in the UPPER bowel. Adlerika reaches BOTH upper and lower bowel, washing out poisons which cause gas, nervousness and bad sleep. Get Adlerika today; by tomorrow you feel the wonderful effect of this German Doctor's remedy.—The Wm. Reese Drug Co.

BRING IN OUR COOPS

Those who have Chicken or Turkey Coops belonging to us please bring them in at once. We will appreciate it.

FARMERS PRODUCE CO.

LIGHT TESTING!!

We test your Lights—Brightman's Service Station.

FAIRVIEW

Mr. and Mrs. Shod Spoonemore of Breckenridge spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. Bobbie Wilson.

Luther Williams and mother and Lillian Williams spent the week end in Abilene with Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Johnson.

Mrs. Neal McGuire is spending the week with her brother, Than Williams and family.

EMPOUNDED NOTICE

A Gray Horse about ten years old and about a three year old brown mare mule. Were picked up Wednesday, January 27th.—W. A. Pate, City Marshall. It

TOBY'S COMEDIANS AT THE RITZ FOR FOUR DAYS

The Original Toby's Comedians will start a four days engagement in Comanche Monday, Feb. 1st, at the Ritz Theatre. Toby's Comedians are an old established show, having been on the road fifteen years, and have a reputation second to none for cleanliness and high class performance.

While showing in a nearby town recently, the show was visited by the management of the Ritz Theatre, and due to the quality of the performance was immediately booked for the four days at the Ritz. The company is headed by the original Billy (Toby) Young, who has surrounded himself with the best talent available. Dollie Young and her Whoopie Boys make the music.

Programs consist of the very latest three and four act comedies and dramas, with the best of refined vaudeville interspersed between the acts.

There will be no picture program, as the stage show runs from an hour and a half to an hour and forty five minutes.

Toby's Comedians should not be confused with other companies sometimes operating along the same lines, as this is positively the Original Toby's Comedians, who have stored their big talent in Oklahoma, and are playing in theatres during the winter season.

In order that they may be greeted with capacity houses, prices of admission have been kept within the reach of all, 10c for children, and 25c for adults. Doors to the theatre will open at 7 o'clock each evening, orchestra at 7:15 and curtain at 7:45.

Don't forget the dates, four days starting Monday, Feb. 1st.

Thrilling Romance Staged In Sierras

To be shown Friday and Saturday Tom Keene's latest Western is full of Action and Scenic Beauty.

Whirlwind action and the infectious winning personality of the cowboy hero, Tom Keene, dominate "Freighters of Destiny" the RKO Pathe western feature which opens at the Ritz Theatre Friday, January 29.

A romance of the pioneer wagon freighters, the picture abounds in swift movement, spectacular fights, suspense, and human interest. Filmed in the big Sierra Nevada mountains in the shadow of Mt. Whitney and other gigantic peaks, it also provides unsurpassed scenic beauty.

Keene appears as the leader of a forlorn hope, a cowboy who pilots a wagon train to the succor of a starving train after raiders have killed his father and demoralized the teamsters. Riding like a demon, fighting with reckless abandon, and playing his scenes with sincerity and understanding, he gives a performance that is certain to increase his swiftly mounting popularity. His work is enhanced by that of his imposing supporting cast, Barbara Kent, Mitchell Harris, Frank Rice, Billy Franey and Frederick Burton.

STOP Night Coughing

Ordinary cough remedies do not reach the conditions which cause night coughing but Thoxine, a doctor's famous prescription does. It stops the cough within a few minutes and goes direct to the internal cause, preventing further trouble.

Taken before retiring Thoxine absolutely prevents night coughing. It gives the same speedy relief for sore throat too. Safe for the whole family—guaranteed no dope. Money back if not satisfied. 35c.—Reese's Drug Store and all other good drug stores.

BLANKET—ZEPHYR CHARGE

Preaching at Blanket Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. and Young People's Work at 6 p. m.

J. D. Smoot, Pastor.

ONE MAN LOST 22 LBS. FAT

Mr. Herman Runkins of Detroit writes: "A few lines of thanks from a rheumatism sufferer—my first bottle of Kruschen Salts took all the aches and swellings out of my joints—with my first bottle I went on a diet and lost 22 pounds and now I feel like a new man."

To lose fat SAFELY and quickly take one half teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in a glass of hot water in the morning before breakfast.

For your health's sake ask for and get Kruschen—the cost for a bottle that lasts 4 weeks is but a trifle and if after the first bottle you are not joyfully satisfied with results—money back.—The Wm. Reese Drug Co., and all good druggists will be glad to supply you.

MAYOR ASKED TO RUN FOR REPRESENTATIVE

Petitions asking Mayor J. R. Eanes to make the race for Representative from this District have been circulated by friends of the Mayor during the past two weeks.

Concerning the petitions which were circulated in Comanche without the Mayor's consent, Mr. Eanes issues the following statement.

Last week friends circulated petitions in Comanche and Gustine asking me to make the race for representative from the district composed of Comanche and Mills counties. The petitions were pretty generally signed and I would have my friends know that I am not unmindful of the confidence they repose in me when they ask me to make this race, and no words that I can command can fully express my appreciation. To me going to the legislature is serious business. The welfare of our whole people is in the hands of legislatures, state and national.

I would like to serve in the Texas Legislature and have had it in mind for some months to offer for the place and I think now that I will but will not at this time make a formal definite announcement but will do so one way or the other in next few weeks.

Should I make the race and be elected I assure you that it will be my one ambition to serve what I conceive to be the best interest of the general public.

In conclusion, we wish that it were possible for us to personally thank each of you who signed the petitions, and again we express our deep appreciation.

J. R. EANES.

Colquit Williams New Manager Rising Star Store

C. E. Williams, former assistant manager of the Higginbotham hardware and building material store at Hamilton, arrived Tuesday to take charge of the local Higginbotham interests, taking the place of Wm. Koonce, who has had charge of the business here for some 19 years. Mr. Williams will move his wife and two small children to Rising Star just as soon as suitable living quarters can be arranged for.

In conversation with a representative of the Record yesterday Mr. Williams expressed himself as delighted with the privilege of coming to Rising Star, as he had always considered it one of the liveliest and most desirable towns in which to live in the Higginbotham territory, and was very glad to be assigned to the local store. Mr. Williams is a son of Tom J. Williams, of Comanche, who for a number of years has been general manager of the chain of retail stores in this section of the state, and was employed in the Comanche store before going to Hamilton.

He is thoroughly conversant with the Higginbotham system of merchandising and stated that there would be practically no changes in the business policies of the store.—Rising Star Record.

Danforth Wilkerson who has had charge of the Higginbotham Lumber Yard at Cross Plains has been transferred to Hamilton.

BRING YOUR CREAM

Poultry, Eggs, Turkeys and Pigs to D. C. Bailey, off North-west Corner Square. Top Prices.



AFTER 40 bowel trouble

Constipation may very easily become chronic after forty. And any continued constipation at that time of life may bring attacks of piles and a host of other unpleasant disorders.

Watch your bowels at any age. Guard them with particular care after forty. Whenever they need any help, remember a doctor should know what is best for them.

"Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin" is a doctor's prescription for the bowels. Tested by 47 years' practice, it has been found thoroughly effective in relieving constipation and its ills for men, women and children of all ages. It has proven perfectly safe even for babies. Made from fresh laxative herbs, pure pepsin and other harmless ingredients, it cannot gripe; will not sicken you or weaken you; can be used without harm as often as your breath is bad, or when your tongue is coated; whenever a headache, bilious, gassy condition warns of constipation.

DR. W. B. CALDWELL'S
SYRUP PEPSIN
A Doctor's Family Laxative

Glasgow To Manage Dunlop Tire Store

Weldon Glasgow of Comanche has been appointed manager of the local Dunlop Tire Store and assumed his new duties Wednesday. Mr. Glasgow succeeds John E. Carpenter who was transferred to the Gainesville store. Mr. Carpenter came to Comanche recently from Plano.

The Dunlop Tire and Rubber Co. have leased that part of the George W. Tate building which adjoins the Chief building on the North and moved to their new location Thursday.

IMPROVEMENTS UNDERWAY AT COMANCHE MOTOR CO.

Work began Friday at the Comanche Motor Company of remodeling their building so as to provide a drive-in Filling Station at the front.

The office is also being remodeled and other improvements made.

PROGRAM

Comanche County Baptist Sunday School Convention will convene with the Robinson Springs Baptist Church Sunday, February 7th, at 2 P. M.

2:00 Devotional and Song Service by J. L. Bishop.

2:15 The duties of a Sunday School Superintendent, by Neal Gearreald.

2:30 Seeking the lost and teaching the saved is the business of a Sunday School. How may we best achieve in this laudable work? By J. A. Bays.

2:45 The benefit of a workers counsel in both the small and large schools, by S. B. Culpepper, Jr.

3:00 P. M. Special Music, Robinson Springs.

3:10 An outline of the years work by Group Supt., B. C. Chambers, and what we expect of you.

3:30 Reports and business session. In this, the Northern District, there are 17 Churches. In every Church we hope to be able to report a live, working Sunday School. Meet me on the above date, and at the time stated.

R. R. Harvey, General Supt. B. C. Chambers, Group Supt.

NO. 1824

STATE OF TEXAS, County of Comanche.

TO ALL PERSONS INTERESTED IN THE ESTATE OF LETTIE LOUISE LESTER, DECEASED.

Whereas, on the 6th day of January, A. D. 1932, there was granted and order by the Honorable W. T. House, Judge of the County Court of Comanche County Texas, appointing D. C. Dingus Administrator of the estate of the said Lettie Louise Lester, Deceased;

And, Whereas, on said day and date last above mentioned letters were granted by the Clerk of said court to the said D. C. Dingus as such administrator, whose post-office address and residence is in the city of Comanche, Comanche County, Texas.

Now Therefore, by virtue of authority vested in me as administrator of the estate of the said Lettie Louise Lester, deceased, and the requirements of the statutes in such cases made and provided, I, D. C. Dingus, Administrator aforesaid, hereby give notice to all persons having claims against the estate of the said Lettie Louise Lester, Deceased, to present the same to me within the time prescribed by law for allowance and the approval of the County Judge of Comanche County, Texas.

Given under my Hand this the 7th day of January, A. D. 1932. D. C. DINGUS, Administrator of the estate of Lettie Louise Lester, Deceased. (21-24)

PAINS QUIT COMING

"When I was a girl, I suffered periodically with terrible pains in my back and sides. Often I would bend almost double with the intense pain. This would last for hours and I could get no relief."

"I tried almost everything that was recommended to me, but found nothing that would help until I began taking Cardui. My mother thought it would be good for me, so she got a bottle of Cardui and started me taking it. I soon improved. The bad spells quit coming. I was soon in normal health."

—Mrs. Jewel Harris, Willsboro, Texas.

Sold At All Drug Stores. 2-121

CARDUI
Helps Women to Health
Take Thorndike's Black Draught for Constipation, Indigestion, and Biliousness.

Starrs 1c to 1.00 Store

SPECIALS FOR SATURDAY and MONDAY

For these two days we offer you some Big Specials

OILCLOTH—Our best Oilcloth in colors and white. A new shipment just in for Saturday and Monday

15c Yard

NEW WASH DRESSES—Made in pretty prints and good styles. All are fast colors.—Special

49c

BROOMS—We have for Saturday and Monday a dandy good Broom, painted handle, well made.—Special

19c

NEW PRINTS—Just arrived. A lot of the new dress prints. All are guaranteed fast colors. Saturday and Monday

9c Per Yard

STARR'S—South Side Square

Severs Arteries When Knife Slips

Bunk Vineyard was taken to the Gorman sanitarium for treatment Sunday for a knife wound which he suffered that afternoon. He was cut across the wrist severing the arteries, when his knife slipped as he was cutting a small limb from a tree.

He, in company with Ab White, Smoot Renfro and Will May were trying to get a squirrel they had killed from the water and Vineyard started to cut a pole to pull the squirrel out with and his knife slipped.

We save you money on Meats. Get your Ice and Ice Cold Melons from us. Hauling and Truck Service.—Peerless Produce Co.

WHITES CREAM VERMIFUGE
For Expelling Worms
S. PARIS SMITH

LIGHT TESTING

Battery Service

Starter

Electric Repair

Service

A. E. THOMPSON

Battery and Electric

Service Station

Experts on Batteries



ASK FOR

DINNER TIME and
SNO-FLAKE BREAD

and Lowry's Cakes and Pies

AT YOUR GROCER'S

Made By

The City Bakery

COLEMAN'S

Saturday and First Monday's Low Prices on all kinds of fine food.

We Pay Top Prices and Spot Cash for your Eggs—Bring them to Us.

BANANAS, Dozen	12c
FLOUR, Supreme Quality, Forty-Eight Lbs.	1.00
SHORTENING, Eight Pounds, Bulk, for	63c
SPRUP, Home Made, Gallon	47c
SPUDS, Ten Pounds	18c
OATS, Large Three Minute, Pkg.	18c
CORN FLAKES, Large Size	10c
PEANUT BUTTER, Five Pound Bucket	60c
CATSUP, Large Bottle	15c
BREAKFAST BACON, Sliced, Pound	25c
CHEESE, Pound	20c
LYE, Three Large Cans	25c
LIGHT HOUSE CLEANSER	5c
LAMP CHIMNEYS, Each	8c
COFFEE, Good Peaberry, Two Pounds	25c
FACE SOAP, Three Bars	10c
SALMON, Pinks, Each	10c
MEAL, Twenty-Four Lb. Sack	35c
COAL OIL, Five Gallons	40c
COCOA, Pound Box	15c
BROOMS, Fine Quality, Each	25c
COCOANUT, Pound	20c

REMEMBER—WE WANT YOUR EGGS
AT TOP PRICES